

COUNTRY LIFE

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MISS ALICE HUGHES

LADY MARGARET ORR EWING.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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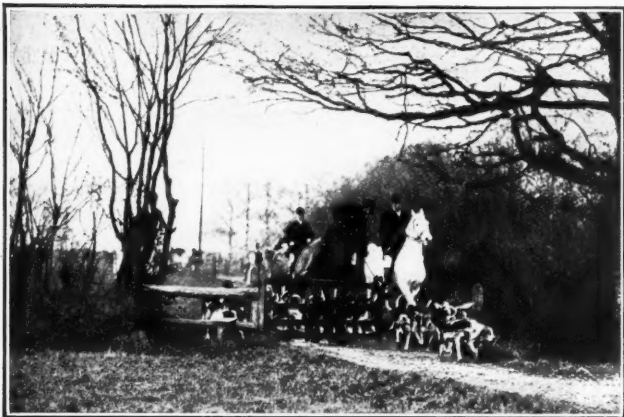
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The willows in the water stand,
Wet-foot willows in a ring—
The willows in the water stand
Like faëry children hand in hand,
And the golden leaves fall fluttering.
The berries in the hedgerow shine,
Sunlit berries on the thorn—
The berries in the hedgerow shine,
Gay briony with garlands fine
Now decks the boughs, November-worn.
The sheep are in the low wet green,
Browsing sheep 'mid grass and sedge—
The sheep are in the low wet green,
While rook and starling walk between,
And the white gulls wade at the water's edge.
The lapwings quiver in the sky,
Flocks of lapwings, silent all—
The lapwings quiver in the sky,
Their breasts are stars as they turn on high
And the marsh-reeds flutter, sere and tall.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

At the present moment Covent Garden Market is flooded with flowers, not altogether from the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, but from the great nursery gardens that have sprung up with almost mushroom-like growth round London and the large towns of England. The market grower near the metropolis, by severe forcing and the most scientific methods, can raise flowers which compete favourably with those grown in the open in France and the sun-baked Isles of Scilly. Chrysanthemums are getting a glut in the market, and hundreds of boxes of beautiful blooms have been returned, for the simple reason there are no buyers. A few years ago the flowers in the winter season came almost invariably from the South of France, and the early daffodils from the Isles of Scilly; but all is changed. Violets come from France, because the sweet flower does not like the English climate in winter, and must be grown in frames, whereas in the South the plant flourishes in a way it never will do in this country. Carnations are grown on the outskirts of London in thousands, and already a winter show has been established with the sole object of promoting their cultivation for the winter season. The English flower market, therefore, is not a market of foreign flowers, but of those grown at home, the reverse of the condition of affairs which existed only quite recently.

However satisfactory it may be that English gardeners are holding their own against the foreign, regret will be felt that the poor flower-growers in the Scilly Isles should suffer, as they are of our own flesh and blood. But the truth is that observers have been convinced for some time that the industry there requires some change. For one thing, flowers have been grown there so continuously that the ground is flower-sick. In many of the gardens it is not customary to take any intervening crop at all, so that the bulbs are practically left wild. They come up in great profusion year after year, but it would be absurd to expect them to maintain their size and quality. The deterioration has, in fact, been noticed for some time past. Luckily, all the growers are not alike, and some of the more enterprising of them already recognise that London is not the best market, and also that to grow flowers to perfection the ground must be periodically changed. All this only gives increased force to a recommendation made in our columns some time ago that the Scillonians would do well to give up flower-growing and go in for some other industry, say, that of fattening chickens, for which the climate is extremely suitable.

With the advent of December preparations for Christmas begin in earnest, and already the shop windows are full of the



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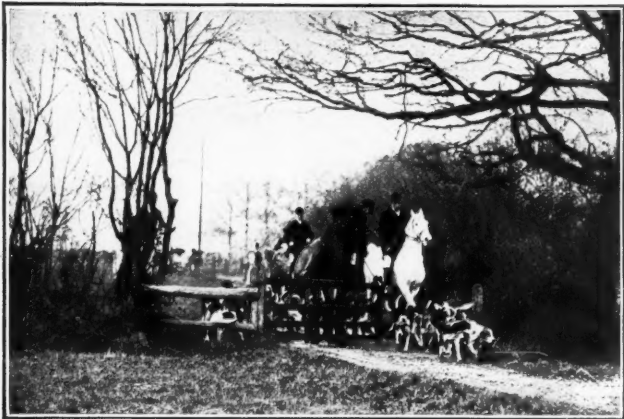
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At the present moment Covent Garden Market is flooded with flowers, not altogether from the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, but from the great nursery gardens that have sprung up with almost mushroom-like growth round London and the large towns of England. The market grower near the metropolis, by severe forcing and the most scientific methods, can raise flowers which compete favourably with those grown in the open in France and the sun-baked Isles of Scilly. Chrysanthemums are getting a glut in the market, and hundreds of boxes of beautiful blooms have been returned, for the simple reason there are no buyers. A few years ago the flowers in the winter season came almost invariably from the South of France, and the early daffodils from the Isles of Scilly; but all is changed. Violets come from France, because the sweet flower does not like the English climate in winter, and must be grown in frames, whereas in the South the plant flourishes in a way it never will do in this country. Carnations are grown on the outskirts of London in thousands, and already a winter show has been established with the sole object of promoting their cultivation for the winter season. The English flower market, therefore, is not a market of foreign flowers, but of those grown at home, the reverse of the condition of affairs which existed only quite recently.

However satisfactory it may be that English gardeners are holding their own against the foreign, regret will be felt that the poor flower-growers in the Scilly Isles should suffer, as they are of our own flesh and blood. But the truth is that observers have been convinced for some time that the industry there requires some change. For one thing, flowers have been grown there so continuously that the ground is flower-sick. In many of the gardens it is not customary to take any intervening crop at all, so that the bulbs are practically left wild. They come up in great profusion year after year, but it would be absurd to expect them to maintain their size and quality. The deterioration has, in fact, been noticed for some time past. Luckily, all the growers are not alike, and some of the more enterprising of them already recognise that London is not the best market, and also that to grow flowers to perfection the ground must be periodically changed. All this only gives increased force to a recommendation made in our columns some time ago that the Scillonians would do well to give up flower-growing and go in for some other industry, say, that of fattening chickens, for which the climate is extremely suitable.

With the advent of December preparations for Christmas begin in earnest, and already the shop windows are full of the

miscellaneous objects, from toys upwards, which it is customary to purchase and give as presents at this time of the year. Many seasons have elapsed since an equally favourable prospect was in view. Trade for the last year has been considerably above the average, unemployment has been less than usual, and in consequence there is a great deal of money to spend. Tradesmen, therefore, may look forward to a time of exceptional activity, and to take a wider view, the nation may be allowed to congratulate itself. We still remember those years in which the shadow of war lay over the country, when sons and brothers lay out on the Veldt, at the time when Christmas trees were erected here and houses decked with holly and mistletoe, nor was this shadow removed altogether by the close of the war. A memory of it continued until quite recently to hang over the time. It is satisfactory to think, therefore, that the cloud has at last rolled away, and Christmas this year is likely to be spent in the sunshine of renewed prosperity.

To naturalists and sportsmen alike the preservation of such big game as still survives in our Colonies is a matter of vital importance. In Africa, now that it is no longer the "Dark Continent," speedy and drastic measures have already become necessary to prevent the extermination of many of the larger animals. Some, like the quagga and the white rhinoceros, have already been wiped out. Others, like the white-tailed emu, are on the verge of extinction. The elephant, and not a few antelopes, must follow soon unless effective legislation is set in motion without delay. The loss of such animals it would be scarcely an exaggeration to call a disaster. That this is fully realised by the State, whose duty it is to preserve the nation's treasures, animate as well as inanimate, is sufficiently shown by the publication recently of a bulky Blue Book embodying the correspondence which has passed between His Majesty's Government, the Colonial and Foreign Offices, and experts such as Mr. Selous and others, with relation to big game in Africa.

It is pointed out, especially with regard to the protection of elephants, that it is useless to restrict European sportsmen while the natives are allowed to slay wholesale. By way of checking this it is proposed to prohibit the sale of tusks below a certain weight, whereby the native hunters will find it unprofitable to kill young animals and cows. The formation of sanctuaries, on the whole, finds favour; but, with regard to the elephant, some authorities appear to think that close-time regulations and restrictions on the traffic in ivory will be of most service in preserving this interesting beast. Some monkeys—*e.g.*, *Colobus villosus*—are in danger of extermination on account of the persistence with which they are hunted for the sake of their skins. The question of domesticating the African elephant, as is done in India, is discussed at some length in this report, though no definite conclusion seems to have been arrived at as to its practicability.

The feeling seems to be gaining ground that the protection of the wild fauna in Africa is being discussed so long that the fauna will be exterminated before the end of the talk is reached. Unfortunately, facts and figures reliably reported point in that direction. We hear from a correspondent lately returned from Bulawayo that when he was there he was informed that no less than 1,000 giraffe skins had passed through the town on the way to market. The price of these skins there was about £2, which might mean that the professional hunter received about 10s. a skin. The wanton and wasteful slaughter of a beautiful and interesting creature which this denotes is not to be regarded without dismay. It is not the man who shoots for sport, it is the professional, white or black, who kills for lucre, who is decimating the game.

A singular and very unfortunate instance of that change of habit in animals of which natural history furnishes us with many examples, is being exhibited by the locusts in Argentina, where they have become a pest both to the cattle rancher and the wheat-grower. The old theory was that the locusts came in cycles of seven years' duration, and that for seven years the country had respite from their ravages. As a matter of fact, it appears that this theory has received in times past a threefold confirmation, the visitations and the respites having thrice followed each other correctly, according to the seven years' cycle theory. Recently, however, for some years, the locusts have taken to paying annual visits, without any seasons of cessation, and the country is suffering proportionately. The locusts come in their clouds from the North, and after a while—some forty days appears to be the period from the laying of their eggs in the ground until their arrival at winged maturity—fly Northward again to some region where they are supposed to hibernate. At the present moment no less than three expeditions are out in search of this supposed Northern place of the locusts' hibernation, but hitherto all expeditions—and there have been several—sent on this quest have come back without anything effected. Even if this common hibernating

place exists, and is found, it is difficult to see what measures could be effectual against the countless number of the insects, and science is at the present at a total loss to know how to check their disastrous ravages.

There is one fault that is common to nearly all English producers, and it lies in preparing, grading and packing their goods. In nearly every department producers on the Continent are better than we are, even though we beat them hollow in the intrinsic value of what we produce. But in regard to wool this deficiency is at its greatest. The English farmer is slow to realise the truth of what he was told a few weeks ago by Mr. Collinson, with a certain rough but strong satire—that the manufacturer cannot make worsted, yarn and pieces out of tar and pitch marks. This may seem almost too elementary to require a statement, but at Bradford they recognise that it conveys a grim truth. Far too many farmers consider that, if they have got the fleece off the sheep anyhow and sent it with all its native faults to the factory, they have done all that is required of them. At a meeting held a little while ago Mr. Collinson tried to explain fully the loss entailed by this carelessness, and it is to be hoped that the farmers are not too dull to take the lesson offered.

LITTLE WAXY.

Wake, little Waxy! Hunting-time again,
The short days and goodly, the clear autumn rain,
In the old North Country, in the grey open weather,
Hounds upon the moorland chiming all together.

This year in clough and hollow the stream's song sounds the same.
On every windy hillside the grasses burn like flame.
Where the empty air is loud with the peewit's lonely crying,
And the call o' the moorland gale to the bird's call replying.

Wake, little Waxy! Voices that you know
Set the upland ringing where the hill-breezes blow.
In the brave North Country, in the grey open weather
Up and join the chorus, hound and horn together.

Ah, little Waxy! Hunting days are done:
Nevermore the brown fields and the rain and the sun:
Only the memories left, o'er the autumn fields that hover,
Of the brave runs ended, lass, the good days over!

C. FOX SMITH.

Some of the facts put before Lord Carrington when, as President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, he visited the laboratory of the Marine Biological Association at Lowestoft were very striking. None was more so than the evidence given of the efficiency, to use a very mild word, of the trawling system. Out of about 5,000 plaice marked and set free, close upon 1,000 were caught within a year, or about one-fifth. Of medium-sized fish treated in the same way, from 28 to 30 per cent. were caught, and this rose as high as 43 per cent. in the more Northern waters. No doubt the capture of these marked fish is a very efficacious means of furthering research. At the same time, it proves that the trawlers harry the sea to an extent that must, if continued, ultimately have a serious effect upon the supply of fish. Even the figures given are said not to afford a fair representation of what is done, because fish are liable to many accidents, including that of being devoured by their own species. All this gives point to the old complaint of the line fishermen that the fishing grounds are gradually being destroyed by the trawlers.

Mr. Sydney Buxton has evidently realised the importance of cheapening the postage of magazines and other literature from Great Britain to the Dominion. At present the American periodicals enjoy almost a monopoly because they can be so easily sent. The Postmaster-General, however, has made proposals to the Dominion Government which he thinks will remedy this. Of course, he is not able to describe his plans in detail while they are still under discussion on the other side of the Atlantic; but he tells us that he has been met in a very friendly spirit, and that there is every chance of a satisfactory conclusion being arrived at. Literature forms such a close bond of union between the Mother Country and the Colonies that, if the two are to keep in touch, it is worth making a sacrifice for the purpose. We are glad to notice this spirit of reform which Mr. Sydney Buxton is developing. There is a field at home in which his activity may find plenty of scope.

In the course of November an arrangement was made and inaugurated by the Weather Bureau of the United States for receiving daily reports of the weather, temperature and so on over practically the whole of Northern Europe, from the Central Russian Observatory, from Iceland and from many land and marine stations. The effect of this will be that the bureau will have for daily review the climatic conditions over virtually the whole of the Northern Temperate Zone. It is hoped that the knowledge of the conditions there prevailing will enable the skilled meteorologists to forecast with greater accuracy than they do at present the kind of weather which

America is likely to enjoy or to suffer in the near future. With regard to our own English weather, it seems to be the general opinion of the Americans that they make it over there, but that it is so broken up and reconstituted on the banks of Newfoundland

that its own authors would not recognise it, and that, consequently, our only chance of forecasting our "samples of weather" is by news sent by wireless telegraphy from westward of "the banks."

WOLF-SPIDERS.

THE Lycosidæ are a group of exceedingly well-proportioned spiders most commonly seen running about on or very near the ground, on the grasses and low-lying plants. Let us try to capture one, and we soon find out that the spider nine times out of ten defeats us in our object, the hand and eye being too slow of movement for these wary creatures. From the Arctic regions to the tropics they are to be found, roaming over the earth's surface like miniature

Female.



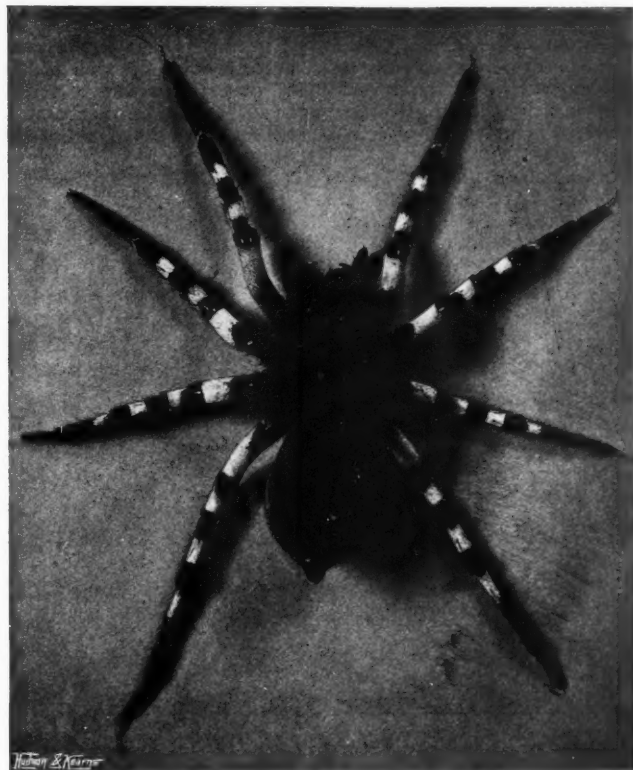
Male.

TARANTULA OCULATA.

wolves, true to their name, capturing their prey by fairly and squarely running it down. In the British Isles alone over thirty species are met with, while throughout the world are described and recorded many hundreds of species belonging to this family. Although perhaps they do not arrest the eye as do the orb-weaving spiders (from the form of the snare)—and many authorities believe in the fitness of placing the orb-weavers before the Lycosids in point of superiority—when structurally considered, the orb-weaver undoubtedly falls short of the wolf-spider, and, indeed, many of the other groups. Their weak cephalo-thorax (head-chest), small jaws, comparatively small eyes and heavy abdomen make them take rank below the wolves, the leapers, the tunnel and the line-weavers. Although the construction of the orb-web proves that the little spider's intellect is of a very high order, for in the making of it is combined the guiding principles of builder, architect and engineer, yet to those who have studied well the snares of some of our line weavers, and the beautifully-constructed trap-door nests of some of the tunnel-weavers, the same beauty of construction is manifest. In my opinion, if both the spider's instinct and anatomical structure are taken into account (as it seems to me they undoubtedly should be), in the consideration of its systematic position, then the Lycosid would rank first in order. Its colours harmonise well with its environment, generally of neutral greys or browns, with very few markings of a distinct pattern. In some species, as in the *Lycosa hellenica*, which is found commonly in Southern Europe and the Western

Asiatic Peninsula, the markings are somewhat striking, with strong contrast between the light and dark parts, and in some species the markings are brighter on the under side than on the upper. The males, as is generally the case throughout spider life, are smaller in size, less voracious and cunning than the females. The fourth pair of legs are the longest, and it is lucky for the spider that it is so, for they mean to him an increase in speed, and an advantage over many of his brothers, an advantage he is not slow to turn to his account. Born to fight from their early days, fight for their very existence and means of living, they wage a relentless war one against another, the weaker going to the wall, or, rather, shall I say, providing a good square meal for the victor?

What stirring scenes are enacted in the spider's arena of his daily life, what onslaughts and strategies employed to gain a point, could we but have the power to see and read their every action and thought! Far more stirring, I venture to suggest, than were ever enacted in the Colosseum in the days of the Cæsars. Although cannibals in the highest degree—cannibals worse than any of the lowest types found in the South Sea Islands—relentless to their own species, even to their partners in life, they have a better side to their nature, making the most devoted mothers, and in time of danger defending their progeny to the last. Do not for one moment let it be thought that the wolves only wage war in their own camp; in their wanderings abroad they prey on innumerable flies, wasps, beetles and other small insects they come across. Some are to be found running about in search of prey during the day; but many species, as in the one photographed, keep in their cylindrical burrows, and with the twilight of the setting sun emerge from their holes, ready, thirsting for the fray. As the evening shadows lengthen, another Arachnid, in the form of a scorpion, comes out of its hiding-place beneath some stone or rock crevice and wages war on this particular spider. An unequal battle, with but one end for the spider—the end of all animate things—death. Can the spider hope to come out of the contest a victor with such a monster, protected as the



UNDERSIDE OF FEMALE.

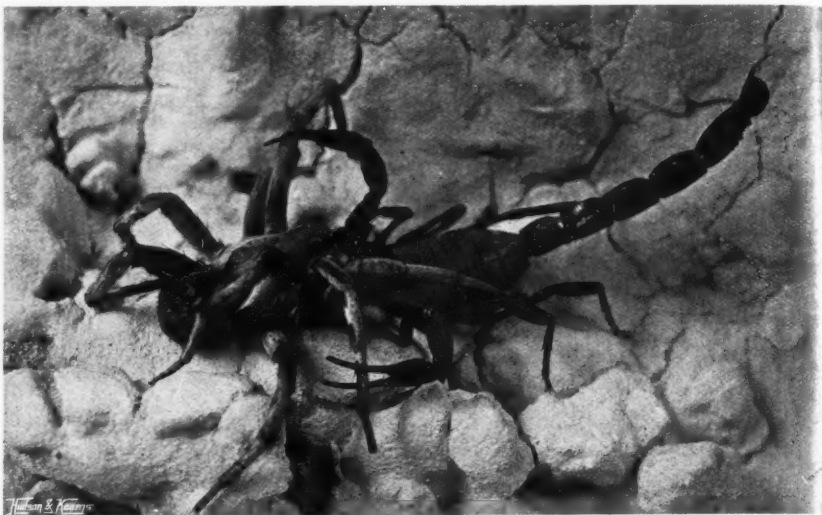
scorpion is with his horny coat of mail and two such powerful pincers, which he knows full well how to employ? In a few moments the contest is over, and little remains of the spider to tell of a short but fierce battle in the life of two of our most interesting Arthropods. These Lycosids are very agile in their movements, progressing by short runs and leaps, and will often go considerable distances away from their burrow in pursuit of

prey, indicating by the easy manner in which they find their home again after a hunting expedition a good memory of location or sense of direction.

The male and female *L. hellenica* pair during the month of May, and in August the female deposits her eggs, which number several hundreds, on a circular cushion of silk which she has made, after which she pulls the edges of the silk together, rolling it round the egg mass, and, spreading upon it an outer layer of silk, forms the beautiful cocoon depicted in the photograph. The whole of the eggs are deposited and the cocoon made within the space of a few hours, so quickly does she do her work. This is a critical period of her life, and before deposition of their eggs all Lycosids seclude themselves in a burrow or cave which they themselves form under the ground. Unlike many spiders, which abandon their cocoons as soon as deposited, and shortly after die, she attaches it to the under side of her body, lashing it to her spinnerets and, holding it tightly between her hind legs, carries it about with her wherever she goes.

It seems remarkable that with so large an encumbrance as the cocoon she should be able to get about so readily and with such speed as she does. In the beginning of September the young *L. hellenica* emerge from the cocoon and climb on their mother's back, all seeming ambitious to reach the highest point, jostling each other in their various efforts to be at the head of the heap, reminding one somewhat forcibly of a Rugby "scrum." Patient and long-suffering mother! Could not some of us take a lesson from her? Not only do the young cover the whole of her back, but they have the audacity to wander over the head, completely covering the eyes, when she will, with her fore legs, scrape off a few, only to let them clamber up again to take up fresh positions a few moments afterwards. At this stage they remain on the back of the mother for about twenty days—wherever she goes they go too. They do not all leave the mother at the same time, but go off in detachments, like the scouts of an advancing army, and by this time, having done her duty well to them, the mother is anxious to cut them adrift. The young in their early stages of life are not nocturnal in their habits, as their parents, but roam about during the day, taking a good survey of their surroundings before settling down to an altered life and building their own cylindrical burrows, which they do when about three months old. The young Lycosids are addicted to the habit of ballooning; climbing to the top of some branch or fence, turning their head in the direction of the wind, with abdomen raised high, they throw out a thread which is pulled out by the force of the wind. When it is sufficiently long enough to sustain the spider's weight it casts itself

from time to time, the first taking place within the cocoon, and the second moult often while on their mother's back. Before their span of life is over they change their coat some nine or ten times, living as long as three years if fortunate enough to escape the pursuit of scorpions, their inveterate enemy. During the winter they hibernate, and when the cold nights come round many die in their burrows, those which escape being the fortunate ones which have chosen as a site for their nest some sunny slope



FIGHT BETWEEN SCORPION AND SPIDER.

facing the south, maybe under a bush, protected from the cold north wind. One of the greatest enemies spiders have to contend with is a species of hymenopterous (wasp-like) insect, which lays its eggs in the cocoons, and whose grubs when they hatch feed on the eggs of the spider. It is probably for this reason that the female so religiously guards her treasure and clings to the cocoon night and day. With some few species, however, the female, after having deposited the eggs, just before the time has arrived for the young to hatch out, forms a silken dome-shaped nest, in which she resides for a time with her numerous family, helping them in their early days to get their own living. Some carry the cocoon in their jaws held by their palpi, small leg-like feelers attached to their lower jaw, while others hold it between the abdomen and sternum, having to straighten out their legs as far as possible to carry their body high. Some species are found in abundance in marshy places and in the neighbourhood of water, being able to run on its surface and dive down into its depths in search of prey, remaining under for nearly an hour. Many lead a vagabond sort of existence, and, like

wandering gipsies, roam from place to place, with no permanent home or hiding-place, miniature tramps in the lanes and byways, some days rolling in luxury, on others knowing not where to get a meal. Others are as skilful in making an abode as the trap-door spiders, forming nesting burrows very similar in character to those of the last named. The turret spider (*L. arenicola*), found in many parts of America, builds a little turret of sticks and stones at the mouth of its tube, while another American species (*L. carolinensis*) builds a funnel-shaped tube at its entrance, concealed in the grasses around. One interesting species found in Russia (*Tarantula opifex*) builds a trap door to its tube; the lid, composed of layers of silk and dirt, being made thin towards the hinge and thicker in front, falls to of its own weight. As with the nests of the trap-door or tunnel-weaving spiders, they vary in form between a single tube and the exquisitely-constructed silk-lined burrow having a hinged lid. At the commencement of winter the Lycosids often seal up their burrows

with silk, keeping them closed until the spring, when they emerge with renewed life and energy after a long hibernation. The well-known *Lycosa tarantula* of Southern Italy, around which so many fables and yarns have been spun, is an allied species to the Lycosid, whose life history I have attempted to describe.

To the well-known photographer of natural history subjects, Mr. C. N. Mavroyeni of Smyrna, I am indebted for the series of photographs of this spider and for many details of its life history.

RICHARD HANCOCK.



FEMALE WITH HER YOUNG.

adrift, sailing off on the wings of the wind to fresh fields and pastures new, maybe far from its parents' home.

When excavating their burrows they make pellets of earth in their jaws, which they bring up to the mouth of the tube and kick away with their feet. From the first they make their burrows larger than they seem to require, so as to allow of their growing, so doing away with the necessity of building larger from time to time as they increase in size. The burrows are of considerable depth, often extending to over a foot. They change their skin

MORDEN COLLEGE.

THE name of almshouse must never be given to the palace of Sir John Morden at Blackheath. We must think of it as the stately house in which the great Turkey merchant keeps hospitality for guests, whom London cannot tempt back to the wharves and the counting-houses, guests who are no more almsmen than are those Poor Knights, Military Knights as the modern phrase is, whom our King entertains at his castle of Windsor. The host, it is true, is long since gone to his bed, tucked up in leaden sheets by the side of the chapel altar, and his lady lies by him, but the guests still sit at his board talking of freights and argosies.

Working London, grimed and anxious, ends at New Cross Gate; but Lewisham is no more the long lazy village with rich citizens' houses which fifty year old road-books describe. The great Georgian houses have been swept away for the most part

by the last quarter century's high tide of little homes, and Lewisham, ringing with tramways, is municipal, is active, but is no longer a place of peace. To climb the hill towards Blackheath is to find breathing space, a fringe of trees, and a high plain in whose far corner lies Morden College. This is a quiet corner which has seen the last century go by with refined indifference. Dove-coloured respectability has made its nest in the Paragon, Blackheath, each house of which might shelter a maiden aunt in her lavender silks. But even the Paragon is out in the world, although in a backwater of it. True retirement is at hand where Morden College hides its rich-coloured bricks among the trees. We are here at the edge of the ancient manor of Wricklemarsh, which Odo the bishop held in Domesday Book, the same Odo who may be seen spurring across the Bayeux tapestry, encouraging with a stout club the flagging spirit of his young Normans. In the reign of William and Mary Wricklemarsh



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THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE IN THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE QUADRANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

had come to the hands of Sir John Morden, the Turkey merchant, and here he made a site for his famous charity. Sir John was a Londoner born, son in 1623 to a London goldsmith from Suffolk. At the end of the reign of Charles II. he came home from Aleppo with a fortune made in the Levant trade. James II. made him a baronet in 1688, and he sat for three years as member for Colchester. In those days land was still the first and most honourable investment, and Sir John bought Wricklemarsh, with many other lands in Charlton and Blackheath. He

died in 1708, and his widow lived on until 1721, bridging the age of James I., in which her husband had been born, with the age of Walpole. Such a splendid foundation as Morden College must needs make a legend of its first beginning. John Morden, home from Aleppo, sets all his fortune in three tall ships, and sending them the long trading voyage to the East waits year in and year out for news of his venture. In these days of telegraphs and shipping agents our ships leave a track across the chart like a hare's in a snowfield; but in the seventeenth century the ship went down

on the horizon to be heard of no more, it may be, until years afterwards she came home sheathed in weed and barnacles, bringing back skipper and crew to a Wapping which had all but forgotten them. So it is with John Morden's little fleet. John Morden lingers about the port until all hope is gone. His means fail, and he falls at last to be a mere running tout for a London tradesman. One day, when waiting hat in hand in the entry hall of a customer of his master, he hears the reading of a gazette which relates the wonderful news of the mooring

in the Pool of London of three forgotten ships, home from the long voyage with a precious lading, and John Morden claps his hat on his head and runs to the quayside, arriving ragged and out of breath, but a great and successful merchant. Such a deliverance from poverty asks for some signed acknowledgment, and Morden College, a harbour of refuge for merchants whose ill-luck has had no such joyful mending, rises to commemorate the turn of Sir John Morden's fortune.

The tale may be, and doubtless is, a fable to bind up with the story of Whittington and his Cat, but the bricks of Morden



Copyright.

THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

College are alive to testify to the truth of the better half of it. In Sir John Morden's day the great London merchant was no mere suburban respectability, making a black-coated appearance five days in the week behind the glass screen of a city office. He was in and of London city, a sight of the town to country-folk and strangers who wondered at the tall house in which he dwelt above his warehouse and counters. He might be seen walking upon 'Change with his gold-headed cane, his full peruke nodding beside other perukes as the news of the world and the prices of ladings were exchanged, or we might follow him to the quayside to watch him among his bales and puncheons, petticoated seamen and sweating porters making way for the great man to whom the Kings of Arabia and Saba sent merchandise. The mayor's chair was a throne, although softer cushioned than thrones are wont to be, and the aldermen stood about it in all the pride of electoral princes.

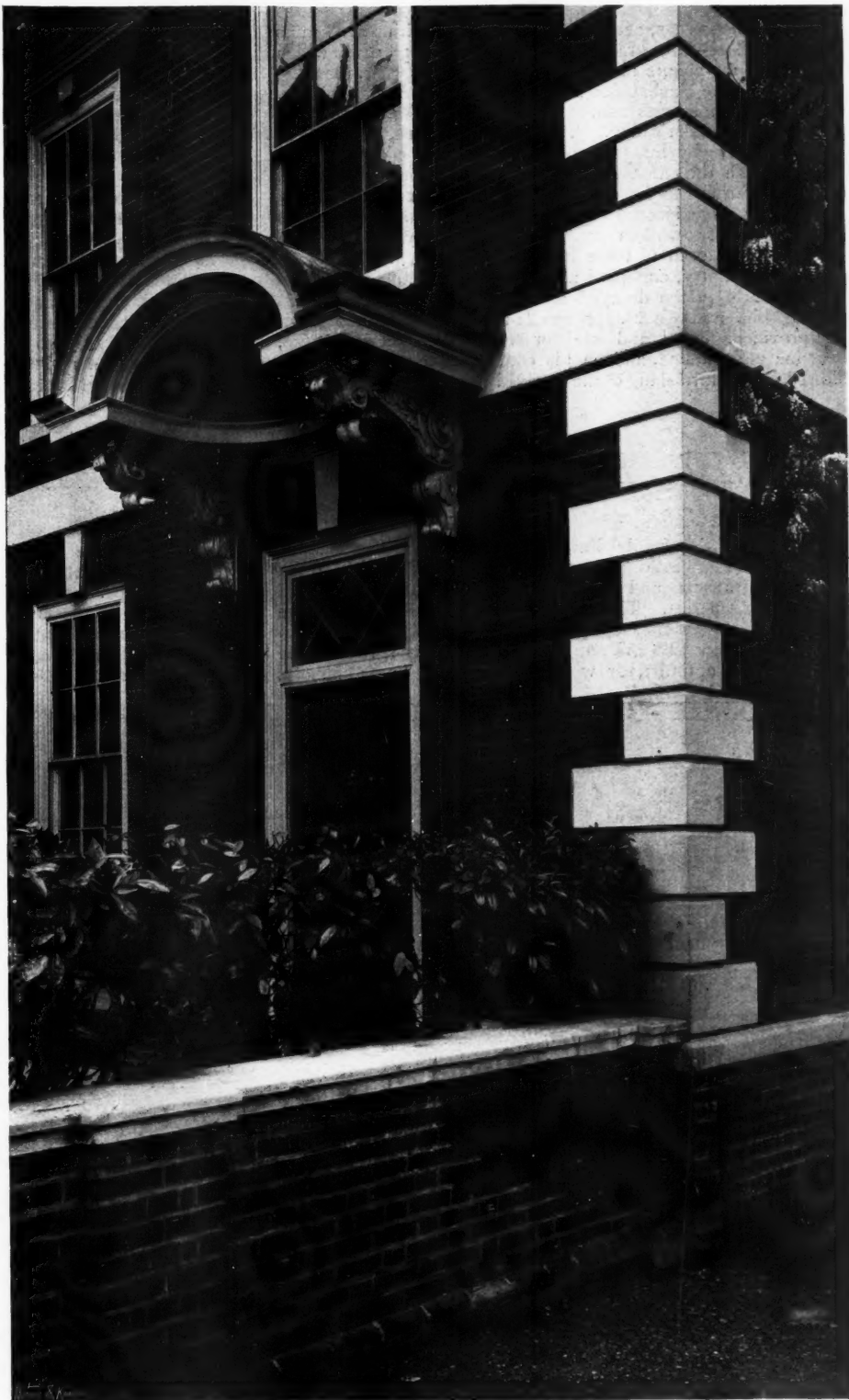
The Egyptian added a sharp sauce to his banquet in the reminder that his death-day was surely coming, but the shadow at the old merchant's elbow was not that of death. The rich merchant often mused upon his own death. From his comfortable pew he heard many a sound discourse concerning it, and his funeral, a pageant in the dark, with pall-bearers and mourners, wax lights and painted scutcheons, was a matter for long and deliberate planning, the last city feast at which the merchant should attend in state. For him the spectre walking at noonday was Failure. Ships were but planks, insurance had hardly advanced beyond a desperate bet, war and tempest and piracy were familiar enemies. There were parties in the city, puritan and churchman were but two among many divisions, but all were one against the insolvent man, for whom there were depths of shame undreamed of by the debtors of to-day.

Now whether his eyes were opened to misery by misfortunes of his own, or whether his own comfortable place bred in him sympathy for less fortunate souls, we know not. But we know at least that Sir John Morden, a man of kind heart and generous imagination, had great pity upon those who, once brother merchants upon 'Change, fell away from pleasant opulence. So in his own lifetime he set about building a college for "poor, honest, and discreet merchants who shall have lost their estates by accidents, dangers, perils of the seas, or by any other accidents, ways, or means, in their honest endeavour to get their living by way of merchandise."

In his lifetime he spent £10,000 on the building, besides the large sums laid out in lands for its endowment, and had at least a full measure of the applause which should follow a generous giver. Richard Blome's engraving of the west front, made while the college was a-building, has fine words for "the honoured Sir John Morden of Ricklemarsh" and his lady, with an almost envious displaying of the genteel ease enjoyed by the decayed but fortunate merchants who were to dwell therein. The plate shows the west front much as we see it to-day—the comfortable west front, with its warm red bricks, stone quoins and cornices. In the foreground an artist sketches the building with the approval of a group of connoisseurs, who exult with raising of hands at Sir John Morden's taste and liberality, a polite enthusiasm which livens the cherubs who fly above the chimneys bearing dedicating scrolls and the heraldic honours of the baronet and his lady. Before the building walk certain figures, which must be those of decayed merchants, but they walk bravely, wearing wig and sword. Dogs run beside them, ladies visit them to view their elegant retirement. These merchants have done with the Exchange and the warehouse, and a shepherd keeping sheep is here in the corner of the plate

to remind them of the pastoral delights with which Blackheath will solace them.

The college building was begun in 1695 by Edward Strong, mason to Sir Christopher Wren who designed it after the plan of the Bishop of Rochester's College at Bromley. The garden in which it stands was then the "great stone field" lying to the east of the founder's park of Wicklemarsh. In this park Wicklemarsh House, held in its time for one of the most stately private dwellings in England, rose after the death of the widowed



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DOORWAY IN WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Dame Susan Morden; but while Morden College stands sound as Edward Strong's bricklayers left it, not a stone remains of Wicklemarsh House, pulled down long since as too extravagant a building to be maintained.

The college is a long brick building with two small wings, a very stately house as we see it on its western length across the grass and over the broad carriage-way. Here, as at Kensington Palace, we see Wren building with spacious comfort a house for the four seasons, beside which the taste of Versailles seems chilly and unkindly. Above the main porch is a shield with

Sir John Morden's fleur-de-lys, and the crossed brands of his lady, a Brand of Edwardstone in Suffolk. In niches of the pediment below the clock stand Sir John and lady cut in stone, figures made to Dame Susan's order during her widowhood. Dame Susan, with an honest taste above the classical fancies of her time, has dressed Sir John for us in his habit as he lived, no Roman toga showing sandalled toes to the English winters. Sir John Morden the merchant stands in his great peruke and falling band, square-flapped coat with large pockets in the skirts, loose breeches and high shoes, and the lady is the lady of Kneller's pictures.

Such a house has, needless to say, a quad, with paved ways among the close-shorn grass, a quadrangle with a piazza in which the whilom merchants may take their sheltered walk, recalling the alleys of the Exchange where once they had their business. The first member was admitted in 1700, on June 24th, now kept as the founder's day. Twelve decayed merchants were established here by Sir John when his building was ready, but after his death the great Morden estate languished for a while, and Dame Susan was forced to reduce the number to four. By her death a greater income was released, and the full number was restored. Forty whilom merchants sit to-day at Sir John Morden's table, each of them having an apartment of two good rooms, with pantry, cupboard and cellar. One hundred pounds is paid yearly to the decayed merchant, with £6 10s. for his washing bill, and £2 2s. for candle-money. Coals and wood are provided, bread and ale for the hall dinner, service, medicine and nursing, and on his coming to the college £25 is allowed for the furnishing of the decayed merchant's rooms. The

college rent-roll is now over £11,000, and Sir John's bounty goes further afield than the college, fifty out-pensioners having annuities of £20 to £80. In Sir John's time a gown with a silver badge of his arms was worn by the brethren, but now no such badge draws attention to the decayed merchant as he walks abroad. A chapel service, to which all members are called, is held each morning, and Sundays are marked by a second service in the afternoon. Under the founder's will the chaplain was to have £30 yearly, but £100, given under Lady Morden's will for augmenting this salary, has been invested in land with such judgment that the chaplaincy of Morden College would have been a cure to be jostled for by eager clergy had not its rewards been commuted of late for a fixed sum.

Pleasant as are the college courts, their chief beauty lies without them. The hands of two centuries of gardeners have made the wilderness of the Great Stone Field blossom as the rose. The beds of flowers and the green lawns, the thick boscage and the shade of the trees make Morden College a retreat which merchants who flourish undecayed might envy. In this garden we come to regard ruin by way of merchandise as a light thing, the unsuccessful following of commerce as a career to be deliberately chosen. Let a merchant be honest and discreet even as Sir John Morden required, although the world has no great rewards for untempered honesty and discretion of the old fashion; yet let him but honestly endeavour to get his living by way of merchandise, suffering without complaint all accidents, dangers, perils of the seas, so shall he come at last to qualify as a decayed merchant in a mellow decay to walk the shady piazza and the sunny lawns of Morden College. H. B.

HOME LIFE OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS

III.—THE CHICKADEE.

OF all the family Paridae (the titmice) the chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*) is undoubtedly the commonest and most widely distributed in North America. There can be few of those who love Nature sufficiently to tramp the fields and woods in the winter season who are not familiar with this spritely little black and grey optimist, or who do not at least know his note,

each chickadee would destroy 138,750 eggs of this noxious insect." In winter they come from the seclusion of the deep woods and swamps, and inhabit the more open fields and woods in nearer proximity to the civilisation, giving one a much better chance to become acquainted with them. At this time, too, they are seemingly almost fearless in the presence of mankind, and will continue to hop about among the branches within a few feet of a



YOUNG CHICKADEES.

even should they lack the interest to make the acquaintance of the bird. At almost any time of the day, and in almost any place and weather, he can be heard uttering his cheery "chick-a-dee-dee," "chick-a-dee-dee-dee," and can be seen as he swings from the branches, as often upside down as right side up. He is persistent in his search for food, peering into every crack and crevice in the bark, and lucky is the small moth or beetle or inmate of a cocoon that escapes his sharp eye. In this respect he does incalculable service to mankind, as is evidenced by the following from Mr. Frank Chapman, assistant curator at the American Museum of Natural History: "The stomachs of four chickadees contained 1,028 eggs of the canker worm. The stomachs of four other birds of the same species contained about 600 eggs and 105 female moths of the canker worm. The average number of eggs found in twenty of these moths was 185, and as it is estimated that a chickadee may eat thirty female canker worm moths per day during the twenty-five days which these moths crawl up trees, it follows that in this period

person, swinging from the twigs, doing gymnastic feats by hanging with their heads downward while they examine the under side of the branch, or extract an insect from its hiding-place.

In colour they are a slate grey above, white underneath, and with the wings and tail having a slight brownish tinge. Covering the crown, nape and throat is a black cap. In length they average 5.50 in., and in expanse of wings 6.50 in. They inhabit the entire north-eastern United States north of the Potomac and Ohio valleys, and south-eastern British provinces north to Newfoundland, southern Labrador, Quebec, and Ontario. They are, however, more or less locally distributed throughout this territory. In the Hudson River valley and many other sections they are uncommon breeders, but are numerous in the winter, while in Connecticut, especially along the Connecticut River, and many other portions of the New England States, they are found in considerable numbers at all times of the year. They breed in nearly every locality where they are found. On account of their continued residence with us our chickadees

are early in nesting, mating in April, and beginning work upon their nest by May 1st. This is placed in a small hole in a dead tree, branch, or stub, and usually at no great height. A dead white birch stub seems to be a favourite site with them. (The nest figuring in the accompanying illustration was in such a stub at a height of 4ft. The top of the stub was cut off, and

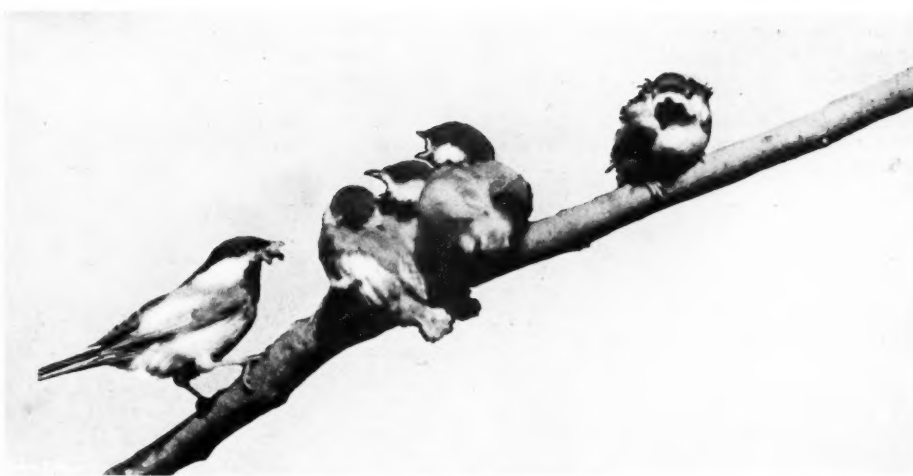
the hole opened in order to show the nest and eggs.) They will often occupy deserted woodpeckers' holes when one can be found that is suitable; if not, they excavate for themselves, choosing a well-rotted stub, in which the wood will be soft and easily worked. The two birds take turns at boring the hole, always exercising great care that no chips fall near the stub; they carry them to a safe distance before dropping them. This is undoubtedly an instinct to make their home as little noticeable as possible. I have also found them nesting in a small natural cavity in a live tree, in the hollow top of a hitching post, in hollows in fence posts, in bird-houses, and, in fact, they will use almost any hollow place. When they excavate for themselves the cavity is always small, seldom exceeding 2in. to 2½in. in diameter, and not deeper than from 4in. to 8in. The entrance is also very narrow, generally about 1in. in diameter. If the stump in which a pair of these birds choose to settle should slant at all, they will invariably place the "front door" of their home on the under side, so as to protect it from driving rain.

In making the nest itself, or, more accurately speaking, in lining the hole, the only requisite that the birds insist upon is that the material shall be soft; therefore anything that suits them in that respect they make use of, and their abodes are composed of a large and varied assortment of materials. Pussy-willow down, cow's hair, sheep's wool, very fine strippings of weed and other

bark, pieces of dead moss, pappus of different plants, ravellings, pieces of cocoons, feathers, spider's egg-sacs and webs—all these and more are to be found in a series of nests of these birds. Sometimes they make but a scant lining, especially if the hole is shallow, but at other times they are so generous with the material and fill the hole to such an extent with it that the

eggs actually become embedded in it. Can anyone conceive of a more downy comfortable home for the little birds to commence life in than such a warm, water-tight, and snug apartment? And yet this very fact is sometimes detrimental to the young, for on warm days the heat in this downy apartment is excessive, and, moreover, the nests often become so infested with bird lice that they kill the young.

The chickadees are very exclusive in their habits, and much prefer a swamp as a locality in which to settle. Probably this is largely due to the fact that there are, as a rule, many more



A HUNGRY QUARTETTE.



ENTERING HIS HOME.



A BUNDLE OF ACTIVITY.

suitable stubs in a swamp than elsewhere; but, perhaps, the fact that it is removed from the dangers attending a too close acquaintance with mankind has something to do with it. They seldom raise more than one brood in a season. If they are robbed of their first litter they lose little time in mourning, but immediately commence operations on another nest, the site of which is generally considerably removed from that of the first. They lay from four to eight and even nine eggs in a litter, and these, under ordinary circumstances, are deposited somewhere between the middle of May and June 1st. The eggs are very dainty in colouring and very delicate in

texture, the shells being thin and extremely fragile. The ground colour is a pure dull white, the shell having no gloss. This is more or less profusely covered with maculations and small blotches of light chestnut, umber and pale mauve. These maculations vary greatly in eggs laid by different birds, and often even in eggs in the same litter. The spots in some instances are extremely fine and delicate, in others rather large and blotchy. They are sometimes evenly distributed over the entire surface of the egg, and again will be so congregated as to form an uneven wreath at the larger end, leaving the remainder of the egg unmarked. In general shape the eggs vary but little, though in size they are apt to differ considerably. The average egg, however, measures .58 in. in length by .46 in. in breadth. While the female is sitting on her eggs the male is assiduous in his attentions to her, and she does not lack for food, for he brings her dainty tit-bits at frequent intervals. As he approaches the nest on these trips he utters a note entirely different from his usual pert little song, and one very similar to the note of the phoebe. This note he seems to use only when approaching the nest, as if to apprise his mate of his presence, or as a sort of danger-call. Immediately upon hearing it her head pops out of the hole ready to receive whatever he has brought, and occasionally she will leave her nest for a short frolic with him through the woods. She never remains away from her eggs long at a time, however. When the eggs are hatched both birds are kept constantly busy from early morning until night, for it is no easy task for two such small creatures to feed seven, eight and sometimes nine youngsters that are constantly hungry. A rather peculiar habit that the chickadee has, and which I

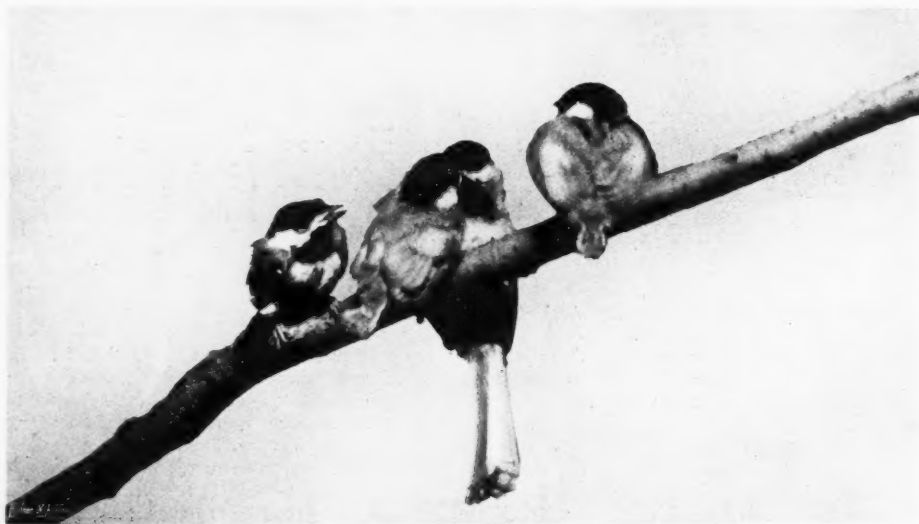
have rarely noticed in other birds, is the fact that the male will time and again bring food for the young which the female will beg from him with fluttering wings, much after the manner of the partly-grown young. When she has coaxed it from him she does not eat it herself, but carries it to one of her offspring, while her mate goes in search of another morsel. Whether this is simply laziness on her part in not wishing to go to the trouble of searching out the food herself, or what is the reason, it is impossible to say. I can hardly think, however, that there is room for the least bit of laziness in one of their diminutive bodies, which seem to be nothing but small packages of activity.

The old bird often will remain entirely quiet when their nest is approached by an intruder until it is actually discovered, but then their anxiety for its welfare apparently causes them to lose all fear for their own. I distinctly remember leaning against a white birch stub which suddenly

gave way under my weight, and, much to my surprise, deposited upon the ground a nest full of newly-hatched chickadees. The old birds, who up to this time had remained discreetly quiet, immediately commenced to remonstrate against such a proceeding, and flew about my head uttering the most distressed cries until I had restored the nest as nearly as possible to its original condition, and had returned the young birds to it. Then, by their actions, they thanked me as plainly as it was possible for them to do, and I left them repairing damages.

Chickadees will in most cases return for several successive years to the same nesting site if undisturbed, and one can be almost sure of at least finding the same pair nesting somewhere in the near vicinity of the site of their nest of the previous year.

L. W. BROWNELL.



CHICKADEE FEEDING YOUNG.

THE NATURE OF MANURE.

ATTENTION has been closely directed to this subject on account of the proposals that are on foot to increase the compensation given to farmers. But, in reality, the value of manure opens up a question on which there is much difference of opinion. The old-fashioned farmer believed chiefly in abundance. There is one whose crops used to be the pride of the neighbourhood. He belonged to the old school, and had all its usual contempt of new-fangled methods of farming, and if asked how he got such splendid results his invariable reply was that they were due to "gud muck, sir, plenty of gud muck." That was the creed of the farmer before the experimental work of Gilbert and Lawes began to have effect. The old farmer is generally accused of haphazard, but this statement is more easily made than substantiated. In reality, he usually

has the experiments and tradition of many generations at his back. At any rate, this was the case with the hero of our anecdote, as for two or three years the family had tenanted the same holding, and before that his relatives had all been in what he called the farming line. Moreover, the farmer has not only his own experiments and those of his family to guide him,

but a husbandman of the old type was usually surrounded by servants whose fathers had also worked on the land, perhaps for hundreds of years, and so in their own unconscious way were storehouses of tradition. We have known a man absolutely refuse to do what a tenant required on the ground that it was against the practice he had known from infancy, and in many cases the practical farmer had anticipated the discoveries of science. A good example is found in his practical understanding of the process known



THE EARTH'S NOURISHMENT.



GETTING READY FOR THE PLOUGH.

H. J. [unclear]

as nitrification. Our modern student is well aware that in the case of leguminous plants nitrification takes place naturally. If the root fibres are examined little warts or tubercles will be found which have the power of absorbing nitrogen from the air of the soil. The old farmer did not know that, but he was well aware of the fact that by growing a leguminous crop and ploughing it in green he obtained good results.

Of course the objection to this method was that it could not always be trusted, while the tendency of modern research is to bring manuring, like everything else, to an exact science. The analyst has been doing good work for us. He has shown what are the component parts of nearly everything produced on the land, from wheat up to Shire horses, and when we

know what is taken away, it is possible to form some idea of how to replace it. Broadly speaking, manures may be divided into classes, natural and artificial. In the former must be included the produce of the stable, the pigsty and the cowshed, with those materials that are found used in their place. In some districts seaweed is regularly employed in this way, and we have known, but it is a long time ago, when a huge crop of herrings, that could not be otherwise disposed of, were placed on the land for manure. Green manure is utilised in many different ways. Lime used to be applied much more freely than is the case to-day. On how many farms are still to be found those substantial buildings which once served the purpose of lime-kilns. Indeed, the carting of lime used to be an employment for a large number of men. Lime is still used for several classes of soil, but is too expensive to be used as freely as was once the case. Mr. Primrose McConnell advises the use of the spent lime from gasworks, as the cheapest and handiest kind for those who live

near our large towns. This consideration is one of great importance, because, however suitable materials may be for use on the land, the farmer works for such small profits that he must always study how to effect the most economical purchase. Few can afford to neglect expense. He goes on to tell us that "lime is used principally for the absorption of sulphur from the gas, and thus the spent lime contains sulphate, sulphite and

traces of sulphide, together with some traces of uncombined quick-lime and slaked lime."

Marl was used freely in the time of Walter de Henley, and still remains a useful manure. But farmyard manure is by far the most useful of those which come into the daily practice of the farm, and it must continue to commend itself for several reasons. In the first place, it is, as it were,

a common product of the farmyard, and gets itself made in some form or another, so that in this respect it is one of the cheapest manures. Against that we may say that the price is fairly high, reaching as it does to about 6s. a load. But here is where the economy of the farm cannot be analysed by means of figures. In comparatively few cases is it necessary to purchase farmyard manure, except it be in the case of market gardeners and others engaged in intensive cultivation. Again, it differs in value, according to the method by which it is made. Some farmers, especially those of the old type, used to be extremely careless in this respect. Their yards were uncovered, with the result that the pouring rain washed away many of the most valuable elements of their manure heaps. When the experiments on bullocks were made by the late Duke of Bedford at Woburn, a building comprising eight special feeding-boxes or bullock-pits was erected. Four boxes were ranged on each side, and each box held one animal. The experiment, we may say, was most closely and carefully described by Dr. Voelcker



TIPPING A LOAD.



THE RETURN JOURNEY.

and Mr. Hall in an excellent article which they contributed to the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society of 1902. They described how the litter used and the food given to the bullocks was weighed and analysed, and, generally speaking, how it was made. They go on to say: "The manure is removed and weighed immediately the feeding experiment is over, and, as it is being removed from the boxes and forked into a cart preparatory to weighing, samples are taken and immediately analysed in the laboratory at the farm. The dung is then clamped and kept until ready for use. For some years it was the practice to keep the dung closely clamped together under cover in a small shed, but more recently it has been made into a heap in the open, on ground beaten down hard, and then covered thoroughly with earth. In neither case has there ever been found any draining away of liquid. The manure made in the early winter is applied in early spring, and is then thoroughly rotten. When about to be used it is again weighed, and samples drawn as before and analysed. In this way, knowing first the amount of nitrogen, etc., in the whole of the food and of the litter given, and then what amounts are contained in the dung after removal from the boxes and when applied to the land, the losses consequent on the making and storing can be ascertained."

The adoption of this plan enabled approximate calculations to be made of the amount of nitrogen applied to the land in the case of farmyard manure plots. It is not our purpose, at the moment, to go into the elaborate figures supplied in the article by Dr. Voelcker and Mr. Hall, nor indeed to follow their argument. But these Woburn experiments, combined with the others that took place at Rothamsted, have played a great part in showing the value of this manure and the duration of its effect. In commenting on the facts the authors say that the result shows the remarkable persistency with which farmyard manure continues to give a residual effect. Even in the twentieth season after its application it still gave an increase, both in the wheat and barley. Obviously, however, the value of manure must vary tremendously on each farm, since it depends on the care taken to avoid having the essential components washed away by rain. The number of farms on which pains are taken with it is continually on the increase, and yet it is by no means uncommon in going about the country to come across places where no care has been exercised, where the liquid portion is allowed to run down the drain, and the heaps are badly made and too much exposed to the air. This, of course, would provide work for the valuer, but there are other variable circumstances he would also have to take into account. No absolute rule can be laid down either in regard to the right quantity of manure to use or its effect, because of the differences of soil. Light clay, for example, will give results very different from those of a porous sand. These considerations show how difficult the task of a valuer becomes, yet it is necessary to throw the responsibility upon him. No tables, no averages and no mechanical system could be universally applied. The question of artificial manures is still more complicated—there are so many of them, and so many new patents continually being thrust on the market. The most popular, however, are Peruvian guano, sulphate of ammonia, nitrate of soda, bone-meal, bone superphosphate and mineral phosphate and superphosphate, basic slag, kainit and chloride of potassium. Nitrate of soda has earned a bad

name, because it has been employed by farmers of the less scrupulous sort, who, wishing to obtain a heavy crop to go away with, have overdone it, with the result that the land shows deterioration the next year. Bones are employed in many shapes for manure. They are of very little use on sandy soil, but on the average field act slowly and have a prolonged effect. The farmer of the present day, it will be seen, must recognise that chemistry is a very important part of his education. It would never do for him to throw away the tradition of his elders without acquiring the new learning that should take its place, and the more he understands the better it really is for his landlord, since in all questions of compensation the greatest difficulty arises from ignorance on the one side or the other.

CLEY AND ITS CHURCH.

THE church of Cley, anciently Cley juxta Mare, the font of which is given in the illustration, is perhaps the finest example of the Decorated period to be found in Norfolk. The churches of the coast in this country are often spacious and stately, but Cley bears the stamp of an order and richness rarely seen, save in that amphibious district of the province called Marshland. Situated scarcely a



F. H. Evans.

THE FONT, CLEY CHURCH.

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mile from the sea, on the small river of the Glaven, and with low and marshy ground almost surrounding it with sluices and embankments, the locality is a very paradise for wild birds, and it is here, as at Blakeney, a neighbouring village, that the rare

specimens are seen on their migrations, which have made both localities famous for the ornithologists. The village of Cley, of about 712 inhabitants, was once a thriving seaport, and it was, in the zenith of its prosperity, about the first half of the fourteenth century, attracting many German and Dutch settlers. Up to more than a century ago it still had some twenty ships that traded with Newcastle and Holland, and several merchants still resided there; but now the visitor may well marvel why a church of such size and richness should be found in such a locality. The porch alone would grace a cathedral, and its exterior, though injured by neglect and time, is decorated with pinnacles and niches, elaborate crestwork and ornament, together with the handsomely-carved heraldry of its various benefactors. The lofty and spacious interior is a beautiful example of groining, and more of a galilee than a porch, belonging to the best period of English stone roofs, while the interior of the church itself is of impressive proportions. Its lofty nave, of 106ft. long and 28ft. wide, is flanked by unusually broad and tall aisles, and the fact that they are unfurnished by seats, and that likewise little more than half the church has benches, adds to its apparent size. In a large chancel six of the misereres remain intact, black with age and richly carved, while the church contains bench-ends of peculiar character, differing from those generally seen. Great Purbeck slabs on the floor show the impression of canopied and elaborate brasses, long since torn away, and some shattered glass remains in the windows to show what once has been. Somewhat early in the fourteenth century the greater part of the present church was raised round about an older and smaller structure. It was undertaken on a scale of some magnificence at the time when the town and harbour were probably at the height of their prosperity; and many of its patrons were people of rank and substance, as the various coat-armour shows that still remains about the building. Then came, in 1349, the terrible visitation of the Black Death, carrying off two-thirds of the population of Norfolk and 527 of its clergy out of 799. From that period the work perforce ceased, and it was more than a century ere it could be carried on again, and then in a lesser proportion. From that date the building of the large transepts or chapels that flank the church was arrested in progress, for they were never roofed in, the walls and gables, with windows rich in tracery, alone remaining. The sad and pitiful decay of the building has of late years been in some measure arrested as far as funds would permit; the great roof was in a state of dangerous decay, and had to be replaced with painted deal, and much else remains to be done in wood and stone that would cost many thousands to befittingly set in order again. The font of Cley church belongs to an order peculiar to the Eastern Counties which are known locally as "the fonts of the Seven Sacraments." Among the sixteen that are to be found in Norfolk, some of which are very rich and elaborate, that of Cley does not rank as high as many more in the same county or as those in Suffolk, which has eleven in number. These sacramental fonts were particularly obnoxious to the

Puritans on account of their subjects, and the majority are therefore a sad wreck of their former state, imagery and ornament being ruthlessly dashed to pieces or pitifully marred; hence the statues around the stem of Cley font have well-nigh disappeared, and much else was destroyed and hacked by the amiable iconoclasts of the day. Such panels as are shown in the illustration depict the sacraments of baptism, confirmation and confession. In that of confirmation the bishop in rochet is administering the rite to an infant presented by its mother, and another awaits his ministrations in the arms of a second woman. This is the usual way confirmation is portrayed on most of the Norfolk fonts, and the tender years of those confirmed naturally cause some mystification among those who are unacquainted with the proceedings of the Synod of Exeter in 1287, when it was decreed "that children receive the Sacrament of Confirmation within three years of birth, otherwise their parents were to fast on bread and water every Friday until they were confirmed." The quaint arrangement for want of perspective in many of the panels of this font is curious; in that of Holy Unction the moribund is tilted to so dangerous an angle in his bed that gravity has no law, and as there was no room for the officiating priest amid the group behind the bed, he is represented in a horizontal position just over the sick man. When two ranks of people were depicted in the scene, the fore rank was often just up to the waists of the rear rank; but the best compositions are those in which there is no jostling of figures, and the arrangement is quaint and artistic.

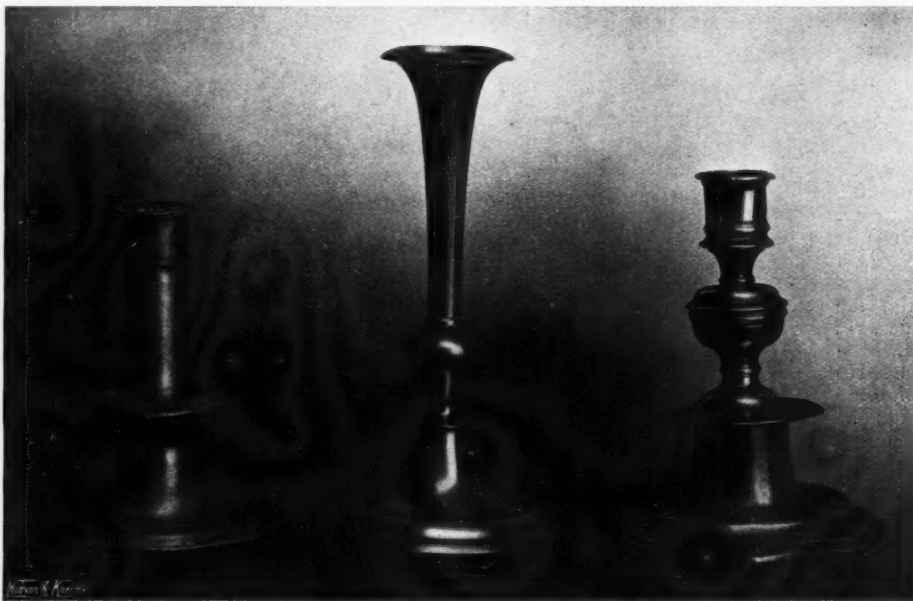
The design and ornamentation of many of these peculiar fonts are often masterpieces of execution and architectural design, and belong, indeed, to a state of things beyond recall, which is only too painfully demonstrated by the insipid and laboured results of the copyist of our own time.

THE CUSTODY OF PEWTER.

THE question whether pewter should be kept bright or be allowed to retain its dull appearance is so often a puzzle to the beginner that a few words on the subject will not be amiss. The answer is emphatically in favour of a polished surface. And by "polished" I mean a surface made bright by hand rubbing. This produces in time a quiet lustre only to be found in pewter, and only to be obtained after long and persistent manipulation. I make a special point of the latter fact, realising, as I do, that the besetting sin of the beginner is impatience; impatience not only in collecting, which guarantees the purchase of indifferent or spurious specimens, but impatience in the desire to obtain in a short and hurried time that polish which blooms from the metal only in answer to long and persuasive handling. Failing in patience, he applies to it some violent chemical, or entrusts it to the fiery maltreatment of a lathe. The result is the usual penalty of haste: in removing the dulness or corrosion, the surface and texture, indispensable



POSSET-CUP.



XVII. AND XVIII. CENTURY CANDLESTICKS.

features of beauty in the metal, disappear likewise, leaving in their stead a garish brightness palpably offensive and artificial. The lesson of haste can fortunately (or unfortunately) be as readily learned in pewter as in ethics. There is no interruption to the law of nature in either. I am convinced that if the care of precious objects were confined to the master alone, he, as well as the objects themselves, would acquire a mutual intimacy and advantage impossible in the hands of a delegated custodian.

In the case of pewter, since it is the object of this little paper, I would confidently advise the beginner to clean his own specimens. However unruly the hands at first, indolent or epicurean of habit, force them into the service of the old and the beautiful, and they will acquire imperceptibly that *flair* of touch so indispensable an adjunct to the eye in judging of the genuineness of things. Texture, balance, weight are subtle factors of authenticity, and are only discoverable to hands made intelligent by long and loving practice. If the polishing of old metal be a slow and arduous task, it is also a rewarding one, for it exposes gradually all the revelations of progressive work: expectations, surprises, the discovery of marks, initials, crests, laid bare by persistent effort; the determination of questionable points at issue; the final stages which lead invariably to a bright end. What greater satisfaction than the first sight of the underlying brightness; the sixteenth, seventeenth century peeping at last through vanishing layers of discoloration!

It will be argued, as a matter of course, that the dull appearance of pewter provides an ocular proof of age. It may be so to the amateur eye, but it is equally certain that no object gathers authority from cumulative dirt, nor can the unkempt specimen satisfy the artistic eye always in quest of the beautiful. Design, colour, texture, qualities of such frequent and exquisite occurrence in the old days, had obviously nothing to gain from the incrustation of ages, nor could they escape the damaging, indeed obliterating effects, of careless custody. But perhaps the simplest, and therefore the most convincing, argument is the knowledge that, even in the remotest times, pewter was always kept in a bright condition. Archæology had no intercourse with the palate, and domestic utensils had perforce to be polished in order to be kept clean and sanitary. For museum purposes, it must be admitted that objects of art and interest should in many



A TEA CADDY, XVIII. CENTURY.



INKSTAND.



SALTS, XVII. AND XVIII. CENTURY.

cases be left untouched. The deposit, the disfigurement even, of centuries adds a certain note of grimness, of primitive use, of vague mystery, all of which go to create that lonely atmosphere which haunts the vast and silent homes of inanimate things. Each specimen stands there a chosen representative of its class, country, age, and need borrow no added importance from careful custody. But for domestic possession, the glitter of light, the flicker of flame in polished surfaces, contribute a decorative animation too companionable to be resisted or ignored. If any other argument be needed to convince the more stubborn, it may be found in the realm of psychology.

The sense, the pride of possession, if that be ever the *raison d'être* for collecting, is never a permanent attitude of the mind, nor is it a worthy one. Add to it the fact that the number of possible specimens in English pewter is very limited, and the number of persons intelligently familiar with the subject, and therefore capable of sharing and stimulating the collector's enthusiasm is more limited still, and the "mania" becomes a *tête-à-tête* intimacy between the amateur and his specimens. If therefore they fail, through any reason, to attract him, and he has reached the limit of discovery and possible knowledge of the subject, he need not look for exterior influence to stimulate his waning interest. It is, therefore, all the more necessary that a

determined association with the metal be maintained; that the interest be guarded by study and observation, by weeding and substituting, by changes and exchanges, both of specimens and of personally-acquired knowledge; that the care of the collection be not delegated to another, and that the specimens themselves in their stages of progressive polish be turned at last to decorative purposes. The "splash of pewter" has often caught the observing if uneducated eye, and to open the door of even modest knowledge to the unknowing is often to start afresh an interest that may have reached the limits of quest and possession.

I give a few examples of polished specimens which have not, I trust, in their change of garb, lost any of their archæological dignity.

ANTONIO DE NAVARRO.



ST. CATHERINE'S COURT gives ample evidence of the adaptability of our English ways of gardening. Within the last quarter of a century we, who have always been a garden-loving people, have acquired a yet higher perception of all that our gardens can do for us; and, with this perception, our will to do the best, and our knowledge of how to do it, have kept pace. It may be said that in a place like this gardening is easy. The main lines of it are here and unalterable; the permanent features—hill, valley, woodland, terraces and noble flights of stairs—these are all present, and are only waiting to be suitably and sufficiently clothed and adorned. But it should be done just rightly, for there are numberless ways of going wrong. As in many another question of fine art and decoration, the simplest ways are the best. There should be some definite intention in the arrangement, one scheme of form and colour at a time. It helps much to keep in mind colour relations between plants and shrubs, and to work out the groupings accordingly, and to remember that no one portion of the garden can be in full beauty for the whole year. It is desirable, therefore, in such a garden to make rather large use of the smaller flowering shrubs, whose foliage is neat and pretty throughout the summer, such as rosemary, lavender, Jerusalem

sage, Veronica Traversi and the olearias; and to use on the terrace walls creepers of moderate growth; never to smother them with ivy or ampelopsis, though both can be used if they are carefully watched and regulated.

In such old gardens, although there can be no reason for neglecting good plants of recent introduction, yet the older garden plants will always be the most suitable. China roses, damask roses, Scotch briars, and the sweet old cabbage rose, sweet briars and cluster roses of the so-called Ayrshire kinds, pæonies and columbines, flag-irises and white and orange lilies—these are the plants that should be in profusion. Tall, stately hollyhocks, sweet bushes of southernwood, lavender and rosemary should also be in quantity, and stocks, wallflowers and pansies. These and the others of their familiar associates should predominate, so keeping us in touch with the older centuries. The best of the newer plants will find their places, for the tall delphiniums of purest blue are now indispensable, as are also the gorgeous Oriental poppies of early June and the flaming tritomas of the autumn months. A whole beautiful garden will be made of the newer developments of Michaelmas daisies, plants that were but poorly represented in the older days. But the old Michaelmas daisy, a nearly typical form of aster Novi Belgi, was a familiar plant, so



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ONE HALF OF WESTERN TERRACE

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that all its bright and infinitely varied descendants and congeners take their place naturally in the fine old garden. So will it be also with many of the recent plants that so greatly widen the scope of garden decoration. For, besides the dainty garlanding growth of the smaller clematises, *C. montana* of May and early June, *C. flammula* of September and *C. paniculata* of October, we now have a number of graceful small-flowered hybrids in modest colouring of varied lilacs that are among the best of plants for gracing garden masonry, and that, with due caution, may be allowed to ramble here and there, even through and over the carved balustrade or the piers of the beautifully-wrought iron gate.

A garden that so amply possesses the magic of the ancient charm is best without the off-shoots or adjuncts that are quite reasonable in places of more modern make. It is sufficient in itself. It does not want an alpine garden, or a water garden, or a pergola garden, or a Japanese garden. It may have a rose

garden if there happens to be a place about it that demands a rose garden, but its roses should be preferably of the looser type—not those of the show bench. There should be nothing to remind one of flower shows, or the "latest novelty," but everything to foster the impression of repose and serenity—of a "haunt of ancient peace." Many a little thing may be done about an old garden. Tiny ferns and just a few well-chosen little plants may be introduced in crumbling wall-joints; some of the lesser alpine bell-flowers, such as *Campanulas pusilla*, *cæspitosa*, and *garganica* may be planted in the joints of the stones

that form the steps. But it is easily overdone, and should only be ventured upon with great caution and reserve. There are plenty of new gardens whose rough walls and steps cry aloud for more liberal clothing. In the old garden with good architectural detail the value this must not be lost; too much joint-planting would become obtrusive. But the little plant, looking as if it had come there by some happy chance, or by its own



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THE BROAD TURF WALK

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will, would be a charming incident. So the appreciative owner of the fine old garden would always be on the look-out for ways of retaining and enhancing its own precious character. A cool corner in shade of masonry, if found empty or insufficiently filled, will receive clumps of Christmas rose and hardy ferns, and a ground-covering of some pretty pansy or sweet musk or auricula. A bare place in sun will, if it suits the plants next about it, have a handsome patch of the great-flowered stonecrop, *Sedum spectabile*, whose wide pink heads are so favourite a gathering-place of bees and butterflies in autumn, and it will be all the handsomer if it has a wide setting of the grey velvet-like *Stachys lanata*.

The quiet lawns of these old places should be jealously guarded, especially from the intrusion of specimen conifers. Fifty years ago many a beautiful lawn, whose velvet-like green expanse had endured for centuries, was cruelly cut up to make gardens for bedding plants. They were often without any design, a shapeless sprinkle of stars and crescents, diamonds and circles, to be filled with garish plants, ill-assorted, whose blooming-time would endure for a bare three months. At about the same time came the worship of the specimen conifer, whose presence has destroyed the character of many a fine old garden. Happily we know better now, and the vandalisms of the last



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generation are no longer practised. Much of the bad planting has been cleared away, and the fine old places are recovering their ancient charm.

IN THE GARDEN.

A NOTE ABOUT THE PRIMULA FAMILY.

THE *Primula* family contains so many interesting and beautiful kinds that a brief review of it may be instructive to the readers of these notes. Few families embrace more homely flowers, as, for instance, the Cowslip, Primrose, Polyanthus and the fragrant Auricula. It is a somewhat extensive family, too, comprising, according to a recent monograph of the genus by Messrs. Pax and Knuth, 208 species, most of which occur in the temperate regions of the Old World. More than half of this number (129) are found in the Himalayas and on the Chinese mountain ranges, so that this section is evidently the headquarters of the *Primula* family. About thirty species are found in Europe, while the rest are spread over Western, Central and Northern Asia, excepting ten found in Japan, and seven in North America. With few exceptions these various kinds are hardy in this country, and although the conditions under which they are found in their native habitats must be of a widely divergent nature, it is possible to grow successfully, under practically the same conditions, plants whose homes are in China, Japan, the Himalayas, Siberia, Switzerland and California. Roughly, the family may be divided into two, or at the most three, great groups. There is the group of rock-loving species represented by *P. Auricula*, which are found on the European Alps, and require to be grown in rocky crevices in the rock garden. Many of these will also flourish in the open border. Next comes the group of moisture-loving kinds, or bog plants, represented by the rosy-coloured *P. rosea*, *P. farinosa* and the Japan Primrose (*P. japonica*) among others. Some of the stateliest of the *Primulas* are included in this group, and create beautiful effects in the English garden. Last, but not least, from a decorative point of view, there is a section suitable for growing in the ordinary border or in beds. Of these the best known are the Cowslip, Oxlip and Primrose, from which are derived the popular Polyanthus, found in nearly every garden.

A HINT ABOUT THE SEEDS.

Owing to the diversity of habit and various requirements of the many members of the family, it is not possible to treat of their cultural requirements as a whole. Although practically perennials, many of the *Primulas* are short lived in this country, and die after flowering. It is thus necessary to make annual sowings in order to maintain a stock. The best time for sowing *Primula* seed is as soon as it is ripe, as if kept during the winter and allowed to become dry, that of many kinds does not germinate for a year or two, frequently not at all. In the case of the Japan Primrose (*P. japonica*), self-sown seedlings come up in great numbers around old plants that have been allowed to shed their seeds, but if gathered and kept for a time the seeds germinate slowly. On the other hand, some of the *Primula* seeds retain their vitality for a considerable time, and may be successfully raised after having been kept for two or three years.

PLANTS FOR DRY BORDERS.

At this planting-time we contemplate changes, perhaps, in various parts of the garden, and note the failures that have occurred during the year just drawing to a close. One thought that frequently perplexes the beginner, and even those advanced in the gentle art, is the selection of flowers for places where nothing apparently will grow. The first thing to remember is that the soil must be prepared beforehand by enriching it with good loam and cow manure to provide food for the roots; and the second to select plants that not only will grow vigorously in the dry border, but have beauty either of leaf or of flower. Summer bedding plants, the *Fuchsia*, *Geranium*, and those that give colour to the summer garden, are worthless.

Choose the lustrous blue *Nepeta Mussini*, a flower one rarely finds in even the garden of an enthusiast, the Sea-Hollies, a beautiful family embracing many kinds of characteristic charm, *Lychnis chalcedonica* or the scarlet *Lychnis*, *Iberis*, also called Candytuft, Alpine Phloxes, the double Soapwort (*Saponaria officinalis* fl.-pl.), Day Lilies for the early summer, Rosemary, Lavender, the large-leaved *Megaseas*, *Saxifragas* and Stonecrops as a covering to the soil, Periwinkle, both the large and small flowered forms, the dwarf Thymes, Lavender Cotton or *Santolina*, *Chamaecyparissus*, the Lamb's-ear (*Stachys lanata*), *Michaelmas Daisies* in variety, perennial Sunflowers, *Gypsophila paniculata*, Pinks, Carnations, *Erigeron speciosus* superb, Golden Rod (*Solidago*), single and double, *Arabis albidula*, *Cerastium*, *Gaillardia*, *Helenium pumilum*, Sweet Rocket, the Winter Cherry (*Physalis*), *P. Franchetti*, *Bunyardi*, and the ordinary *Alkekengi*, all bright in late autumn with their orange scarlet lantern-like calyces. These are the plants which from experience we have found a success in a dry border on which the sun shines at all seasons of the year. We also mulch and remember the advice of one of

the best of England's flower gardeners: "Nothing is better than a good mulch for a dry border, and it should be procured from a heap of stable litter, garden refuse and leaves. Allow it to heat sufficiently to kill insects without destroying the nutritive qualities."

RANDOM NOTES.

A Shrub for Growing Under Trees.—One of the most suitable shrubs for planting under trees is *Gaultheria Shallon*, which is not planted so largely as it might be for this purpose. It is a North American plant, with heart-shaped leaves, red and white flowers in May, and purple berries in autumn and winter. Those who have not tried the *Gaultheria* under trees should do so, and the present time is appropriate.

Trees and Shrubs that Flower in Autumn and Winter.—A correspondent writes for the names of trees and shrubs that will flower at the seasons named, and we suggest the following. In November the autumn-flowering form of the *Mezereon* is in bloom (*Daphne Mezereum grandiflora*), the pretty yellow Wych Hazel (*Hamamelis virginica*), the Honeysuckles called *Lonicera fragrantissima* and *Standishi*, *Arbutus*, and *Jasminum nudiflorum* (first bloom). As the new year opens there are several shrubs to welcome it, the lovely Winter Heath (*Erica carnea*), and *E. mediterranea* hybrida, *Laurustinus*, the grey-coloured *Clematis calycina*, *Glastonbury Thorn* and *Garrya elliptica*, which is readily recognised by its long tassels hanging from densely-leaved shoots. When February dawns, and the weather is reasonably favourable, quite a throng of shrubs expand their flowers to the sun, the beautiful Wych Hazel called *Hamamelis arborea* among the number, with other members of the same family. A strong perfume comes from a shrub with greenish flowers, the well-known *Daphne Laureola*, and the *Mezereon* is often in full bloom, a shimmering of purple in the woodland or wherever it is placed; then the tree that puzzles so many, *Cornus Mas*, every shoot covered with a clustering of soft yellow flowers, and in the sweet throng are the early *Rhododendrons* (precocious among the number), the pink and white *Prunus davidiana*, Mediterranean Heath and *Corylopsis spicata*. These are the shrubs to make the winter garden attractive and bring thoughts of the Primrose and Violets and Daffodils of early spring.

An Autumn Bunch of Mme. Abel Chateau Rose.—A bowlful of this Rose has lasted five days in beauty, the colouring deepening with age. The petals are falling now, but the colour seems still to shine with a rosy glow,



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unlike the tinting of high summer days. A delicious fragrance comes from these dying blooms, the warmth of the room perhaps bringing out their full sweetness. Mme. Abel Chatenay is a Rose for all gardens. The flowers were gathered on November 14th from a bed as bright almost as in July, and certainly brighter than in September. We have just made a group of fifty strong plants, and anticipate a flood of colour next year.

Road Scrapings for Heavy Soils.—A useful note appears in a contemporary on the value of road scrapings for heavy soils. It is mentioned that they are invaluable for the purpose, and can often be had in large quantities at a small cost. They are better than masses of animal manures for clayey land. It may be impossible to get large quantities at one time, but it is a good plan to treat a portion of the garden yearly, doing the work thoroughly well. In time such soil should be in excellent condition for most crops. It is an easy matter to store road scrapings during the summer, or at a time when they cannot be placed on the land, using them during the winter season.

THE BIG TROUT OF GLENISLA.

WE had reached Glenisla at the end of June, and lingering winter having chilled the lap of May, we were charmed with the experience of two springs in one year. Great fronds of common fern decked the barren rocks with acanthus capitals of warm green. The roadsides were gay with the largest and handsomest wild pansies of purple and gold, while the golden broom, fitting insignia for a royal prince, made

the waste places "unprofitably gay." The snows of the Aberdeenshire Grampians brave the heat of July, and form the head-waters of such rivers as the Esk and the Isla. In its lower reaches the Isla presents rather the characteristics of a Southern river, but above the picturesque falls of the Reekie Linn, where the brown, peat-stained water dashes itself into creamy foam after a leap of 70ft., the river is a real Highland stream. At one time it wanders through lush pastures and fields of verdant roots, at another time it rushes in wild haste through some narrow gorge, to spread out into deep brown lakelike pools, or it forms the ideal broken water of the trout-fisher, when it darts hither and thither among huge boulders, "the fragments of an earlier world." Between the Brewlands Bridge and the Tulchan Lodge the landscape is exquisitely beautiful.

There are abundant opportunities of finding homely quarters in the neat whitewashed farms that stand a mid these fair holms and well-tilled haughs, so that with plain living and abundant fishing the self-sufficient piscator cheerfully severs for a time his connection with noisome streets, stuffy theatres or perspiring concert-halls. Day after day the voice of the river invites him to wander by its soothing waters, and there is always some part of the day when the fish are rising. There is this to be said for the observant piscator, that he never comes empty away. Even though his creel be light, his mind is stored with most grateful memories—the music of the lapping waters, the dipping of the water-o sel, or the domestic scene enacted in some still pool by the water-fowl and her fluffy brood. But the trout knoweth his season, and in spring, when the midday sun stirs into activity the scant insect-life, then is our opportunity of securing our wary spoil. In the more genial season "hope springs exultant" with the setting sun and the advent of the Highland midge. Parenthetically, we may remark that no insect plague is to be compared with the refined torture produced by this infinitesimal speck of venom. The musical drone of the mosquito, and the treacherous blood-letting of the

gadfly, are joys compared with the agony of acute nervous irritation produced by the tiny midge. Even in retrospect one shivers at the very thought of it.

Between gloaming and mirk is the hour when moths appear, after the martins have ceased their gay labours and betaken themselves to their "pendent beds and procreant cradles," and the cloistered bats wheel around, actively engaged in the labour the martins have left off. This is the best hour of all, when the heavy fish leave their holts beneath the alder roots and feed lustily after the heat of the day, like portly aldermen who dine late after toying with viands all day. The farmyard ducks, which basked lazily in the horse-pond, are now transformed by some inherited ancestral tendencies into bright hunters, eagerly chasing the daddy-long-legs that emerge from their chrysalides among the grass roots, or, in comical attitudes, trying to seize the ghost moths that hover a foot or two from the grass.

It was while chuckling at these uncouth antics that the happy thought was conceived, and we felt as genius must feel at the birth of an idea which will revolutionise society. Next moment we were rushing frantically after those ducks to secure white and dark grey feathers. The lures of the professional tackle-makers are wonderful creations, but we had need of a homelier pattern, and soon we were deeply engrossed in making a ghost moth which should attract the disdainful trout of the miller's pool. The smallest salmon-fly in our pocket-book was soon stripped of its gaudy tropical trappings and provided with a body of cork, carved so as to balance the weight of the steel hook and keep it afloat. Into this rudely-constructed thorax were inserted the duck feathers of grey and white, and there lay before us a creation which we treasured more highly than all the Jock Scotts or Dusty Millers in the fisherman's—well, palette, one cannot very well say "repertoire."

And now we were so eager to test the new idea that we forthwith hastened, rod in hand, down to the river. Now you must know that in the miller's pool, which was deep and fringed with dwarf willow and alder bush, while one lordly ash hung "amorous o'er the scene," there dwelt a brown trout that was the admiration and wonder of the rustic neighbourhood. To the privileged few who had seen him dart from his hover behind the huge boulder in the middle of the pool to his holt in the deep bank behind the aiders, he was a veritable leviathan endowed with all the inherited cunning of the trout race, for had he not survived all the lures commonly used by his enemy, man?—spoon, minnow, well-scoured worm, tinsel and feather, he knew and despised them all. But, on the principle that the finest fruit is beyond one's reach, he had chosen the only pool that was difficult to fish, for there was but one promontory of yellow sand from which one could cast freely over his hover, while to cast down stream was almost impracticable because of the afore mentioned



A. E. Flood.

A POOL IN THE LINN.

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ash tree on which hung many *ex voto* offerings of trout casts. Still we had planned our attack, which was to shorten the gut cast to a few feet, leaving a free running line, and to wade out as far as possible near the drooping ash, when we meant to lower the artificial ghost moth gently into the stream and trust to fortune and the sluggish current to bear it near the mossy boulder, near which lay the big trout. No marooned mariner ever panted to see a sail as we did for a lusty breeze which would blow the insect over the water. No breeze came, but the cast was safely made, and it gratified our artistic sense to find that the floating bait looked exactly like a drowned moth. The gleam of white feather now was seen slowly to approach the fateful rock, when next moment a blunt nose just dimpled the surface, as it sucked down in a leisurely way the toothsome dainty, and we were fast in the monarch of the stream. Horror! only now were we conscious of the fact that we had neither gaff nor net; but we had no time to think of it, for the struggle had begun. In his first astonishment he headed up stream, and we were free of the sacrificial ash tree. Waist deep we followed him as quickly as that mode of progression would allow. We could see him forging ahead with the wake of a *sous-marin*, while the reel sang a merry madrigal. He arrived at the northern

limits of the pool in his dash for freedom, but finding out his error, came back even faster than he had gone up. Pausing suddenly, he doubled back, but was unable to rid himself of the troublesome moth. In our intense excitement time seemed to "stand still withal," but we remember in a lucid moment wondering if we should remain imprisoned thus during the entire night, for how could we without assistance and without gaff bring to shore this wandering torpedo, which showed no signs of flagging? But the goddess who had been favouring us must have heard our prayer for help, because with a final rush he ran himself ashore, on the sandy promontory at the southern end of the pool, and there was Sandy the ploughman bending over it and giving the quietus with a bit of hazelwood which he had snatched from the shore. "It's a braw sonsy fish, sir; feel the wecht o' him," said Sandy—"it was the hand o' Providence that guided me tae yer help."

Limp with excitement and overstrain, we sought our humble quarters, where we dreamt of all the fabled monsters that haunt the sportsman's dreams. With the cool morning came slumber and fame, for before our eyes lay the first 6lb. trout we had ever caught.

J. P. PARK.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

A STRANGE thing happened to the village of Little Abington. For centuries it lay almost unnoticed in the quiet vale below the moor. Far away from the outside world, it lived self-contained and contented. The church, the inn, the forge with the wheelwright's yard close by and the little shop supplied all its various wants. And though the well-to-do might ride away on a Tuesday and a Friday to the nearest markets and return merry from the wilder dissipations of a country town, the masses (that is to say, the adult menfolk of a population of 203) had never wandered over the hill or got drunk on any fiercer beverage than their own good homely cider.

At last the wonder came. A novelist of distinction discovered Little Abington. He did not find it in its pleasant sheltered combe. As a matter of fact, he went searching for a name—well, a name with an easy simple sound, pleasant to the ear, but not significant—that is to say, not a mere label—but a name, well, a name—

He found it under A.—Abington (Little), in the Gazetteer. This is, perhaps, not remarkable. The wonder came some years later when the cobbler of Little Abington discovered the celebrated novelist. But the cobbler of Little Abington was always a terrible man for print. He read the local paper every week. Moreover, he possessed an odd volume of *Sharpe's Magazine*, "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Travels of Cyrus." He read his library through each year within the twelvemonth, and spent the odd time in thought. Thus the cobbler brought literary experience to "The Chronicles of Little Abington." He found everything there and all correct. The church, the inn, the forge and wheelwright's yard were "the very moral o' what they really an' truly be." And so were the folks, too. The cobbler recognised them all in spite of errors—for there were one or two little things wrong. To be sure the writer did not give anybody his right name. And the sexton of Little Abington was no cripple. Though he did once stump about for up a month with a "game-lag," that was only through falling over a gravestone when hunting Peter Toop's fowls out of the churchyard. No; the sexton of that day was "a cross-eyed man," with the advantage of being "able to squint down both aisles to once"; but his legs were as straight as the church pillars. Still, to be sure, anybody could see how that mistake was brought about.

There was talk in the village after the cobbler's discovery, and the news spread that Little Abington had been put in a book. The villagers could remember "a buncy little feller wi' gold sparticles and a head so bald as a bladder o' lard," who stayed about the place "a goodish time." He did "for certain sure." The theory was accepted in the neighbourhood and supported in the county paper. Later on it hardened into ascertained fact. To-day the church, the inn, the forge with the wheelwright's yard may be bought on picture post-cards, and pilgrims come to Little Abington even from across the seas.

These things happened when Cobbler Trip was young. Now he is Mr. Trip and the oldest inhabitant of Little Abington, for his name has been mentioned in a topographical volume of the district, and since then he shows the strangers round.

"The oldest inhabitant of Little Abington," says this authority, "is Cobbler Trip, and he lives in a white-washed cottage half covered with roses. The veteran of Little Abington is of medium stature, but bent with age. His scanty locks are long and silvery, but he wears a grizzly beard clipped short. Although nearly four-score years of age his grey eye is still clear and alert. He takes off and waves, as it were for the punctuation of his conversation, the tortoiseshell spectacles which he finds necessary only when reading or at work. He well remembers the visit of the novelist to Little Abington, and is proud to have tapped and heeled a pair of shoes worn sadly in need of repair by constant walking. It was interesting to learn that the great romancer wore round holes in the very centre of his soles, a sure sign of distinction and fortune. Mr. Trip accompanied me around the village, pointed out the garden gate where Aurora first met Thomas, and the chink in the shutter

through which Uncle Jeremy witnessed the theft of the family Bible from the three-cornered cupboard. The precipice from which Thomas fell must, however, be an invention. There is no deep quarry within several miles of Little Abington, as serviceable stone is not to be found in the neighbourhood."

Conscious of scholarship, and raised upon this pinnacle of fame, little wonder if Cobbler Trip has become a proud man. To-day he does little tapping and heeling. From early spring to the end of October visitors pour into Little Abington on foot, on bicycles and on motor-cars. Most of them enquire for Mr. Trip. But his position as cicerone has become so well established that a village urchin asked to point out the home of Aurora would merely point to the rose-covered cottage and say, "Cobbler Trip, he do know most about that."

When I stayed in Little Abington this summer he was out to meet me in the garden before I had time to rap upon the cottage door. He is a thin, spare man in a "kittle-smock," with a shrewd countenance, and legs the shape of a horse-collar.

"I read about you in a book, Mr. Trip," said I, gaily.

"Ay, to be sure that wur I." He stopped and scanned me with attention. Then his voice dropped into a mysterious confidential whisper. He appeared to fear lest the sparrows on his thatch should overhear his question. "Baint you a author o' books yourself? Because, looky zee, if you be you do know. Don't he owe I zumthen vor what I told un to write down. I did dictate to un, an' he did zuck his pencil an' then put it all down in a little book. They do tell I down to The Acorn that a book is wo'th dree thousand poun'. I ciphered it out one aiylen quiet like, an' I do call he do owe I ten poun'. I tell ee, there's millions have a-read thik book. Why, there's never a Easter Monday or a August Bank Holiday but what dree or vower, or may be up vive or zix, do come to Little Abington, an' they've all a-read what I told he to put in thik book. Thik feller do owe I money in good right. I do know he do."

I hastened to explain that the market value of Mr. Trip's contribution was not so high, and that perhaps a shilling, or two at the most—

The old man's face brightened at once. He appeared to see a probability of coming to business.

"Hearky here. Let that pass. 'Twur but a page"—he made the word rhyme to badge—"I do know. But mind me, if I could vall across zome author chap, zome gennelman I do mean, that did want to write another book about Little Abington an' about I, I could tell he a plenty vor two. Stop a minute. Hearky to this now. Here's a little bit. Years ago there wur a cobbler lived to Abington, a most terr'ble graspen nip-cheese feller. He warden content wi' zix wicked days, but mus' needs work o' Zunday too. He wur a-zot busy to work a zummer Zunday an' the bells a-chimen vor church most beaudiful, when a gennelman in black walked in to house. 'Could ee make me a pair o' stout boots?' he axed. 'I could zo,' the cobbler made reply. 'Wi' good thick soles but no hobs.' 'Jus' zo—but waterproof, I spwose,' said the cobbler. 'Tes no matter vor that,' zed the foreigner, very civil like. 'Then let's measure your voot,' zed the cobbler, an' dropped 'pon one knee like to pull off the customer's shoe. But Lauk-a-Massy! The wold gennelman mus' ha' had his tail a-winded roun' the middle o' un, or hid away in the bag o' his burches like; but no hose 'pon earth could hide the shape o' thik cloven voot. 'What'll 'em come to?' zes the devil. 'Dree crowns,' zes the cobbler, all to a trem'le like. 'Then bring 'em to Abington burge this day wick, ten at night, an' you shall ha' the money.' An' the devil walked out zo quiet an' well behaved as you or I. Well, the cobbler wur to sich a flowsterment, he couldn't think nor speak. He wur a-feared to make 'em, an' eet he wur a-feared to break word or time. Zo he went an' told passon an' axed what he had better to do. 'You mus' make 'em,' zaid passon. 'Vor the wold gennelman 'ull never lef ee in peace till

you do. But don't ee touch o' the money, if you do fear hell-vire. I'll tell ee what. Cut a hole in the crown o' your hat, an' hold un out for the wold gennelman to drop the crowns into. But zee you do hold un over the zide o' the burge zo as the money mid drop into river.' Zo the cobbler he done it, an' zo soon as the crowns vell splash 'pon the water there comed a clap o' thunder like out of a clear sky, an' the devil wur a-snatched up in a ball o' vire boots an' all. An' that's how the cobbler o' Abington lost by a-worken 'pon a Zunday. Now idden that a little bit?"

I hastened to explain that my work did not concern itself with the ancient mythology of Abington, but with people of to-day. I moved towards the gate. He went nimbly upon his semi-circular legs and stood in front of me.

"Stop a minute. I'll tell ee another little bit. John Higgins over here to Littlecrop Farm, he's a-liven an' well now. Years agone he wur a-walken home close 'pon midnight vrom a little randy up to neighbour Toop's, an' he zeed afore un two little pixies a-stood

a-grinnen one 'pon each zide o' the road. Zo he sort o' kept a eye 'pon em like to zee what they mid do. An' they runned out an' caught un hold by the ankle, a lag apiece, an' John he valled down 'pon the face o' un zo vlat's a pancake. He wur a-feared to move like. He bid still till daylight, an' then he got up all to a mizmaze like. But he couldn't zee nothen at all o' no pixies. Zo so sprack as he could he walked off home. Now idden that a little bit?"

I assured Cobbler Trip that it was impossible to record true stories of living people without fear of incurring damages for libel. I stepped past him towards the high road.

"Stop a minute," cried he, and ran and hooked the tortoise-shell spectacles between my two central waistcoat buttons. "Here's another little bit."

"But, my dear Mr. Trip, it is not my habit to collaborate, and I shall never do so."

I have never done so—until to-day. WALTER RAYMOND.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE WAYS OF KINGFISHERS AND CROWS.

THIS week I have wasted some time (or otherwise, as the reader may think) in watching a kingfisher, and, apart from the fact that this is November, the more I see of the bird the less I sympathise with Tennyson's "sea-blue bird of March" which flits beneath the barren bush. It is not as bad as Shelley's pair of kingfishers which hung head downwards on a branch and ate berries; but, making all allowance for the example of the Greek original, it is irritating enough. Of the poets the one who has given us altogether the most natural and most detailed kingfisher is Faber:

"There came
Swift as a meteor's shining flame
A kingfisher from out the brake,
And almost seemed to leave a wake
Of brilliant hues behind."

Which is curiously true. In the sunshine (even in the thin sunshine of November) a kingfisher on the wing often looks more like a pencilled line of colour than a passing bird.

THE KINGFISHER AS A DOWSER.

But even Faber says elsewhere in a charming verse that the kingfisher makes "the rills his pathway o'er the world," which is only true with limitations; for the bird must often leave the pathways of the rills and travel across country for long distances. Many writers have noticed the instinct which leads a kingfisher to find the smallest piece of water containing fish, even though it be isolated by some miles from any other stream or pool. It is a born "dowser"; and almost any bit of water seems to be able to afford it at least a temporary living. A case has been recorded of a kingfisher mounting guard over a large puddle in a lane. This summer I became familiar with a pair which lived at a certain watercress-bed which is not fed by a stream, but from a spring bubbling up from a well toft deep, and in the water of which I could not find (and the men working in the bed assured me that they did not know of) any fish. Water-beetles there were and snails and some frogs; and the fact is that fish do not by any means constitute a kingfisher's en ire, nor in many cases, I imagine, even its staple diet.

AND EATING INSECTS

In his book "Bombay Ducks," Mr. Douglas Dewar tells of the white-breasted kingfisher of India (*Halcyon smyrnensis*) which more often than not lives far away from any water. "Finding that fishing is a poor profession," says Mr. Dewar, "it is giving it up and going in for insect-catching." He adds that he saw one on the Poona race-course hawking for insects, there being no water near the place. Similarly our English kingfisher, though I am not aware that it ever takes insects on the wing, certainly does not disdain water-beetles or (in captivity at least) dragon-flies or their nymphs and other succulent small fry. But the specimen which I have been watching this week was fishing over the merest little ripple of water in an almost dry ditch, and I wondered what it found there. The first time that it dived, however, it came up out of some 3in. of water with a very respectable loach, large enough to give it some trouble in disposing of.

ITS DISLIKE OF HOUSE-HUNTING.

In his "Handbook of British Inland Birds," Mr. Collett states that the kingfisher generally makes a new hole for its nest each year; but I question whether, provided the bird be undisturbed, that is not the exception rather than the rule. Certainly I have known one case where the birds, on a private piece of water where they were never molested, returned year after year to the same hole and showed not the smallest inclination to change their quarters. Mr. Bosworth Smith, after watching the same birds, or the succession of birds in the same locality, for "some forty years," says emphatically that "the bird always clings to the same hole, till she is disturbed by a new landslip," shelving away of the sandy bank in which they build being the chief, apparently the only, interference which in this particular spot the birds have to fear. I believe that when similarly left in peace, the preference will always be for the old hole; but a very slight disturbance may be enough to cause a change. Nature has planted in almost all birds and animals the instinct which tells them to move as soon as possible when any other creature knows where their home is; and I suspect that if kingfishers whose holes are discovered generally make a new hole next year, it is because the birds know that they have been discovered. Otherwise their preference is to cling to the old home.

DRIVING AWAY OLD FRIENDS.

I saw the same thing exemplified in the case of a pair of nuthatches. A friend of mine has a walnut tree growing on his lawn immediately in

front of the dining-room window, and that tree was for many years the home of a pair of nuthatches, to which the whole family came to be much attached. The hole in which they nested was low down and plainly visible from the dining-room, while the birds themselves were so tame that they paid no attention to tea parties under the branches of their tree or to the progress of croquet in the immediate vicinity. Each spring, the news that "the nuthatches are back" was sufficient to bring the whole household out to the lawn or to the windows to welcome the old friends. This went on for some ten or eleven years, until the master of the house unluckily bethought him one autumn, when the walnuts were being picked, that he would like to examine at close quarters a piece of the masonry with which the nuthatches had partially blocked up their hole to make it of a size to suit them. So he ordered the man who was up the tree to chip out a small piece and bring it down with him. The following spring the nuthatches were looked for in vain, and they have never reappeared. It may have been only coincidence; but it is more likely that they shifted because of the molestation of their house.

THE FIGHTING CROW FAMILY.

Few of us, I fear, feel for the members of the crow family anything like the same tenderness that we do for many other birds; but their intelligence places them among the most interesting of feathered things, and they have, as a rule, most admirable pluck. I know a pair of ancestral ravens (the male bird at least has outlived two generations of owners) who live in a large iron cage, and when anything has to be done in that cage no one man will go in alone to do it. One man goes in to do the job and another goes with a beam to protect him. And the precaution is entirely necessary. Similarly the hoodie crow, for all its shyness of man, often attacks birds and animals considerably larger than itself. The carrion crow, at least about London, is rapidly overcoming its dislike of human neighbourhood, and last spring I saw one hunting a heron single-handed in a way that made the heron very unhappy. The latter, rising from the ground, passed nearer to the crow's nest than the bird which was at home seemed to think polite, so it hurled itself at the other with a whole-heartedness which no peregrine could have surpassed. As far as I could hold them with my glasses the chase went on, the heron thoroughly panic-stricken, and its resource and agility taxed to the utmost to avoid the succession of headlong dashes of its enemy.

THE END OF A SPARROW-HAWK.

Some years ago I saw a flight of rooks demolish a sparrow-hawk. They were mobbing it, and the hawk, after beating up into the wind for some time, turned and, almost as swift as lightning, tried to sweep through the middle of the flock. It was almost through, when one of the very last of the flocks managed to get in, and what falconers I believe call "bind," and the two came tumbling to the earth together. Before they touched the ground a score of other rooks were apparently pecking and jabbing at the sparrow-hawk as it fell, and by the time the bunch had reached the grass the entire flock had swooped converging downwards to the common centre, until a space of perhaps 10ft. square was a tumbling, jostling sea of black. When I arrived on the scene a few minutes later, the rooks rose, and littered all over that toft area were feathers and blood and fragments of sparrow-hawk.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES FALL OUT.

Yesterday I watched one rook bullying a kestrel by itself. There can have been no excuse that the kestrel (at this time of year) had come too near the rook's nest. Indeed, I am fairly sure that the birds were old acquaintances, for I spoke in this column last summer of a pair of kestrels which had built their nest and raised their family in immediate proximity to—in the same clump of trees as—a rookery, and the hunt yesterday went on in certain river meadows which have been a favourite feeding and hunting ground of both the rooks and kestrels more or less all the year round. These two birds must have seen each other daily since, at least, last spring, and probably, unless either was a bird of the year, for a good deal longer. What offence the kestrel had committed or what it was that made the rook so irritable yesterday must remain a mystery. At all events, out of some fifty rooks which were feeding on the grass one suddenly made up its mind that it was not going to stand that kestrel any more, and rising from the middle of the flock he deliberately charged the hawk, which was hovering 100yds. or so away.

HAWKING AS A SPORT FOR ROOKS.

The rest of the rooks appeared to pay no attention. Perhaps it is a regular pastime with that particular rook to hunt that particular kestrel whenever time hangs heavy on its hands; and if it goes on each day with the persistence that it displayed yesterday, the time will come when it will catch the other. The kestrel seemed to have no manner of difficulty in avoiding the



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ON A HIGHLAND LOCH

J. B. Johnston.

rook, nor did it show any anxiety to get finally away. It could, one would think, easily have done so by simply putting on speed and flying straight away into the next county, until the rook lost sight of it. Or it could have dodged behind the woods which lay close by. It did neither; but kept the chase circulating round the open meadowland along the river bottom. Sometimes the hunt drifted so far that I had difficulty in keeping it in the field of my glasses, and in a few minutes it would be back again close at hand. I watched until the mere monotony of repetition of the same incidents grew wearisome, and then went on my way. When half a mile further on, I turned the angle of the wood which would thereafter shut out the view for me, I took one last look, and the couple were still at it, rising and falling alternately in the air, in almost the spot where the game had begun. And the other rooks still fed unheeding in the marshy grass below. Is it possible that by sheer persistence a single rook might ultimately wear down a kestrel, being able to live longer on the wing, and that at last, after I had gone, that rook can have succeeded in grappling the other? I hope not, for I should miss those kestrels from the river meadows.

H. P. R.

FROM THE FARMS.

AN EXPERIMENT IN PROVIDING PURE MILK.

WENSLEYDALE PURE MILK SOCIETY, which held its first annual meeting the other day, has more than a local interest. It is not a commercial concern in the ordinary sense of the term, as the shareholders bind themselves under no circumstances to take more than 5 per cent. profit. The society was registered under the same Acts as the co-operative societies, and its object was to test the sources of the milk supplied to the town, and to see that it was not contaminated between its point of origin and its delivery. To secure the former of these objects stringent conditions were made as to the cleanliness of the dairies, and bottling the milk was resorted to ensure the fulfilment of the second condition. Obviously, milk that is obtained under vigilant supervision, bottled and sealed, must reach the consumer as it came from the cow. The scheme has met with very great success among those centres of population which are mostly artisan. The supply is distributed chiefly through the agency of co-operative societies, but a curious fact was noticed by a member of the medical profession who spoke at the general meeting. This was that some people exhibited a curious predilection for the milk that contained colouring matter and preservatives. We suppose that long use of these has accustomed the palate to them. The addition of colouring matter, too, gives the milk to the common eye a richer appearance, and the use of preservatives causes it to keep longer. But these are qualities that may be very dearly purchased. The use of colouring matter always renders the addition of other adulterants easier, and if preservatives are employed it is obvious that they may be used illegitimately as well as legitimately. The company is increasing its output, but some complaint was heard that the farmers have not shown as much alacrity as might have been expected in responding to the invitations given them. They do not in every case like the stringent conditions under which the milk must be produced. If the hopes with which the society is regarded are well founded, other farmers will, no doubt, fall into line.

FAT STOCK AT NORWICH.

Brief consideration of the breeds that came most to the front at Norwich cannot but prove interesting. The best animal in the show was found in Mr. E. T. Learner's cross-bred heifer, and the reserve was found in Mr. R. W. Hudson's Danesfield Negro. For the best cow or heifer Mr. E. T. Learner also was first with a cross-bred heifer, and Mr. Hudson was reserve with Danesfield Honey Bee, the junior champion at Birmingham and Smithfield last year. The award was made exclusively with regard to quality. Mr. Learner's animal weighed only 13cwt. 0qr. 1lb. at 2 years 9 months 1 day. Her rival was two months older, and weighed 15cwt. 3qr. 4lb. Mr. Hudson's Danesfield Negro carried off the championship for the best ox or steer. He is a wonderfully symmetrical Aberdeen-Angus, weighing 16cwt. 2qr. 18lb. Mr. Hudson also had the reserve in Danesfield Blue Boy. The red-pollled breed was not represented as well as might have been expected from the fact of the show being held in its native land. Sir Walter Corbet carried off the first prize with his steer, weighing 12cwt. 2qr. 16lb. at 22 months 11 days, and the reserve was Sir Richard Cooper's two year old steer. Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes, the ex-Minister for Agriculture, produced the second, weighing 11cwt. 3qr. 4lb., while Sir Thomas Gooch brought out the third. The prize for the best beast bred and fed in Norfolk went to Mr. T. A. Barton, with the King as reserve. Mr. Hudson had the running all to himself in small animals, while Mr. E. T. Learner produced the best tenant farmer's beast in a cross-bred heifer and the reserve in a shorthorn heifer. In the sheep classes the King's Sandringham flock proved to be invincible. He won first and championship for a pen of South-down wethers, weighing 5cwt. 1qr. 11lb.; while a pen of wether lambs, weighing 4cwt. 1qr. 3lb., won the championship for animals of their age. Not many Suffolk wethers were shown. The championship was secured by Mr. Robert Barclay, and Mr. H. E. Smith was the other exhibitor. In pigs, Lord Cadogan

obtained the first prize for a pen of Berkshires, while the executors of the late Colonel M'Calmont were second with three animals of the same breed.

THE AGRICULTURAL OUTLOOK.

A somewhat pessimistic description of the agricultural prospects at the present moment has lately appeared, but the facts on which it is based are not very apparent. But as far as can be gathered from ordinary observation the pessimists would appear to be wrong. During the past twelve months from a study of the provincial papers we have noticed that where there was competition a higher rent has almost invariably been obtained. Attention was directed a few weeks ago to the state of things in Cumberland, where every farm advertised had been let, and this is approximately true of all the Northern Counties. Nor is there anything to show that letting is hanging fire in the Southern Counties. From our own limited knowledge we are able to say that many estate-owners who, ten years ago, were obliged to farm their own land, have now been able to find tenants at satisfactory rents. The sale of land is another point which ought to yield a good indication of the trend of affairs, and our own columns show that what are offered as bargains to-day are expected to bring a higher price than they would have brought a decade ago.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AMONG the chief groups of clever literary men whose existence was a distinction of the nineteenth century, one of the most interesting was that at Cambridge University, which was popularly known by the name of the "Apostles," although it had been christened by its founders, among whom was Henry Tomlinson, afterwards Bishop of Gibraltar, "the Cambridge Conversazione Society." It was in its prime from 1824 to 1840, and at that time it numbered among its members many who were to hold the highest place in the intellectual life of Great Britain. Under the name of *The Cambridge Apostles* (Pitman), Mrs. Charles Brookfield has written a sketch of the more prominent members. Of course, we knew a great deal about them before, but from the voluminous correspondence of William Henry Brookfield she has been able to give a great many details that will be perused with keen attention. Perhaps a more romantic interest attaches to Arthur Hallam than to any of the others. It is surprising to us yet that this brilliant, amiable and talented youth, who died at the early age of twenty-two, should have enthralled such minds as those of Gladstone and Tennyson. But the testimony of this book is that all who came in contact with him were deeply impressed by his promise. He was educated at Eton, and before going to Cambridge he travelled for about eight months in Italy. At the end he agreed with the opinion of Gladstone that this interlude would have been more profitable after college than before. The portrait by which the sketch is accompanied shows us a youthful face marked by a very pleasing combination of gentleness and intelligence. It gives little indication of a certain melancholy that seemed to hang over his early days. Thus, in a letter from Somersby, he says:

Somersby looks glorious in full pride of leafy summer. I would I could fully enjoy it; but ghosts of the Past and wraiths of the Future are perpetually troubling me. I am a very unfortunate being; yet, when I look into Emily's eyes, I sometimes think there is happiness reserved for me. Certainly I am by nature sanguine and hopeful: I was not framed for despondency. If circumstances were as I wish them, I hardly think I should moodily seek for new causes of disquiet.

In 1832 he was engaged to Emily Tennyson, and to that time may be referred the well-known passage in "In Memoriam":

O Bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan Poets on the lawn.

From the fragments that he left behind it is easy to see that in him were the potentialities of a poet as great as his friend Tennyson became, though ever through his verse that chord of melancholy ran:

I have lived little on this earth of sorrow,
Few are the roses I have watched in blooming,
Yet I would die.
Intimate feelings, presences of grandeur,
Thrills of sweet love for God and man await me,
Yet I would die.

Most of the "Apostles" took themselves very seriously, and wit and humour were discouraged at their meetings whenever they bordered on levity. The club may in sober earnest be described as a noble company. The men were nearly all distinguished by physical beauty as well as by mental endowments, and Mrs. Brookfield points out as a coincidence that those who had the finest appearance possessed also the divinest gifts. But, as it were, in spite of their very serious intention, they attracted the wits of the time, and their discussions were enlivened by many delightful sallies. Richard Monckton Milnes, a poet and

man of the world, appears to have been one of the most delightful members of the brotherhood. He said of himself:

The thing I was intended for by Nature is a German woman. I have just that mixture of *häusliche Thätigkeit* and *Sentimentalität* that characterises that category of Nature. I think Goethe would have fallen in love with me: and I am not sure that Platen didn't.

And his epigrammatic remarks on the greatest of his contemporaries display a wonderful insight into character as well as unusual power of expression. One of the *mots* quoted here is "Gladstone's method of impartiality is being furiously earnest on both sides of the question." No one but Monckton Milnes could have told the Prince Consort, without giving offence, that he and himself were the "best after-dinner speakers in England." At a wedding party, after he had become Lord Houghton, though somewhat annoyed at having to make a speech, he said:

It would be preposterous in these modern days to wish the young couple anything so old-fashioned as a long and happy married life; let us go with the times, and wish them, at all events, a well adjusted and equitable separation.

But the friendship of Carlyle, if there were nothing else, would show that under the flippancy of Monckton Milnes there was a depth of sobriety and earnestness. The man nearest him in character appears to have been Charles Buller, whose lightness of spirit was discouraged by the society. He inherited his liveliness from his mother, an ingenuous, intelligent woman of the gossamer type. He and Milnes were great friends and used to chaff one another mercilessly. "I often think, Milnes," he said, on one occasion, "how puzzled your Maker must be to account for your conduct." Buller was another of those who concealed great force of character and earnestness under a jovial and laughing mask. His early death was mourned by the finest minds in England. Milnes described him as "the single public man with whom I always sympathised." Macaulay lamented over the fair hopes buried in the grave of Charles Buller. Carlyle described him as "Very gentle, too, though full of fire; simple, brave and graceful." Tennyson, as a matter of course, cut a great figure in the circle, though in these early days his friends felt his eccentricities keenly. But remonstrances were not of much avail with one who was already the chief favourite.

Whewell used to pass over in Alfred Tennyson certain informalities and forgetfulness of combinations as to gowns and places and times which in another he would never have overlooked.

The use of tobacco had not yet become fashionable, and Blakesley thus describes the smoking habit of the future laureate:

Alfred Tennyson has been with us for the last week. He is looking well and in good spirits, but complains of nervousness. How should it be otherwise, seeing that he smokes the strongest and most stinking tobacco out of a small blackened old pipe on an average nine hours every day?

There is a delightful anecdote showing the elation of his mother when her son was appointed successor to Wordsworth:

Occasionally, when travelling by omnibus she would turn to her fellow-passengers (who would listen with various emotions of sympathy, surprise or apathy) and smilingly remark, "It may interest you to know that I am the mother of the Poet Laureate."

Henry Lushington to whom "The Princess" was dedicated, was chiefly distinguished for his very remarkable memory. He knew Carlyle's "French Revolution," and it was said both in the Lushington and in the Tennyson family that "if 'Alfred's' writings had, every vestige of them, been destroyed, they could have been accurately reproduced whole, without the alteration of a word, from that marvellous garner." Tennyson said of him, "Others may find fault in a poem, but Harry finds the fault and tells you how to mend it." He died on the Continent in 1855 in the company of Venables, who says:

At Dijon, I, at his request, read him a considerable number of the Odes from a mutilated copy of Horace, which was the only edition procurable in the shops of Lyons. As often as I paused at one of the frequent breaks of continuity, he repeated the missing passage in a low voice, without the mistake of a word.

Venables himself was a wit, also a journalist, who stood very much outside the Bohemia of his times. His clever retort to one who asked him for a Scripture proof against bigamy is well known—"No man can serve two masters." The picture that one is able to piece together from these sketches is a highly attractive one. "The Apostles" were in a sense modern equivalents to Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. They did not go forth to battle mounted on great horses with their spears in rest, because things have changed since the days of chivalry, but they followed a quest in every sense as noble. They were intent as any knight of the old time could have been on redressing human wrong, and of exalting the beautiful, the intellectual and the great in human life.

COMMONS AND THE PUBLIC.

SO much controversy has been going on lately about commons and the public, that a statement of the legal position of the latter may be of some value. It need scarcely be premised that we are far from advising lords of the manor to adhere to the rigid letter of the law. They have been during the past accustomed to exercise the virtues of toleration and forbearance, with the result that much unnecessary friction has been avoided. No doubt they will continue to do so, but it is well that on the other side the public should be made aware of what the legal situation actually is.

Were a person of ordinary education, but with no special knowledge of the matter, asked to explain what he understood a common to be, he would probably answer that, according to his conception, a common was an extent of more or less waste land, not inclosed with fences, to which the public had a right of access for purposes of recreation and amusement, and over which inhabitants of the neighbourhood generally had certain rights, such as that of grazing cattle. But this is a mistake. The Legislature has, it is true, in modern times, recognised that commons do practically constitute recreation grounds for the public, and has provided means whereby the enjoyment of a common as a place of recreation can, speaking loosely, be secured to the public. Except where this has been done, however, a common is legally only land usually, though not necessarily, forming part of a manor and belonging to the lord of the manor, over which certain persons, such as the freehold and copyhold tenants of the manor, have rights of common, for instance, rights to graze cattle or cut turf. The land in other respects remains private property. The public may have wandered at will over the common for generations; but this circumstance will create no public right so to wander, for the law does not recognise a public right to wander at large over land—a right of "stray," as it has been called to distinguish it from a right of way—as a right capable of existing, unless, indeed, where the land has, under Act of Parliament or through the medium of a trust, been made into a public recreation ground. A right in the inhabitants of a particular parish to use lands for purposes of recreation may, on the other hand, exist by immemorial custom. But such a right is fundamentally different from a public right. And the cases where such a right can be

established are very exceptional. There may, it should be added, be public rights of way over roads or paths across the common; but the rights of the public as regards such roads or paths are no more extensive than in the case of highways passing over land which is not subject to rights of common. The public have no right to deviate from the road or path. And their right to make use of it is a right to use it as a highway only. The last point is well illustrated by a well-known case where one Harrison, who had stationed himself on a public highway crossing certain grouse moors belonging to the Duke of Rutland, for the purpose of interfering with a grouse drive, was forcibly prevented by the Duke's keepers from carrying out his intentions, and it was held that Harrison, as he was not making use of the highway as a highway, but for another purpose altogether, was a mere trespasser on the Duke's land.

Since, except where such rights have been created under modern legislation, the law generally recognises no rights in the nature of public rights over a common, it follows that there is in theory nothing to prevent the inclosure of the common by agreement between the landowner and the commoners. But the practical difficulties in the way of such an agreement are usually insuperable. It follows, too—and this is perhaps more practically important—that, even in the absence of such an agreement, the only ground upon which the inclosure of the common can be resisted is that it infringes private rights, so that, if those whose private rights are infringed do not take action, the inclosure cannot be prevented. A person desirous in the public interest of preventing the inclosure of a common may, however, put himself in a position so to do by acquiring rights of common over it. And rights of common are in fact often acquired with this very object. Thus the Corporation of the City of London have, with this object, acquired rights of common over a very large number of the commons in the neighbourhood of London. And a similar course has, under legislation to which we shall refer later, been taken by many local authorities. The main legislation on the subject of commons at present in force is contained in a long and intricate series of Acts beginning with the Inclosure Act, 1845, and ending with the Commons Act, 1899, and known collectively as the Inclosure Acts, 1845 to 1899, taken together with certain important

provisions in the Local Government Act, 1894. The principal purposes of this body of legislation are: First, to facilitate the inclosure of commons in cases where this can be done with due regard to what is called in the Acts the "benefit of the neighbourhood"; secondly, to enable the inclosure of commons by mere encroachment, or even by agreement between the landowner and the commoners, to be prevented by action on the part of local authorities; and, lastly, to enable commons, while remaining uninclosed, to be managed and controlled in the interests both of those having private rights in the common and

which recourse is now generally had, is by means of a "scheme" under the Commons Act, 1899, made by the council of the borough or district where the common is situate, and confirmed by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. Such a scheme will place the common under the management of the council, with powers of draining, fencing, and otherwise physically improving the common, and of making bye-laws for the prevention of nuisances and the preservation of order. It will secure to the inhabitants of the borough or district and the neighbourhood rights of access to the common and privileges of playing games, etc., thereon. The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries have, under the Act of 1899, issued regulations known as the Commons Regulations, 1900, regulating various matters in connection with such scheme; and by these regulations, a scheme is required to be in a form scheduled to the regulations, with such modifications as the council think necessary and expedient and which are approved by the Board. The scheduled form is not a mere skeleton form, but is a complete model scheme, which is in practice usually adopted with little, if any, modification. A scheme cannot, however, be established under the Act of 1899 against the wishes of the landowner or of persons representing one-third in value of the interests affected. The other method which may be adopted for effecting the purpose in question, and which has, generally speaking, somewhat the same effect as the establishment of a scheme under the Act of 1899, is that of the "regulation" of the common under an order of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, confirmed, on their certificate, by Parliament. The procedure necessary in order to obtain such a regulation of a common is far more elaborate than that necessary in order to establish a scheme under the Act of 1899. But there are cases where the necessary order can be obtained, though the opposition of the landowner or of a section of the commoners would preclude the establishment of a scheme under the last-mentioned Act. And there are objects that can be attained by means of the regulation of the common that could not be attained by means of a scheme under the Act of 1899. Metropolitan commons—that is to say, commons wholly or partly in the Metropolitan Police District—are excepted from most of the provisions of the Inclosure Acts, 1845 to 1899. They can neither be inclosed nor regulated under those Acts, nor can schemes be established with regard to them under the Commons Act, 1899. Provision for their government by means of schemes framed by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries and confirmed by Parliament is, however, made by the Metropolitan Commons Acts, 1866 to 1898. And it is by means of such schemes that

many of the best-known commons in the neighbourhood of London—for example, Barnes Common—are governed.



W. A. J. Hensler.

AN OFT-TROD PATH.

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of the public, or, perhaps it would be more strictly accurate to say, of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The first of these objects (which was the prime and, indeed, practically the sole object of the Act of 1845 and the earlier amending Acts, which maintained the policy that in the eighteenth and earlier part of the nineteenth century had led to the inclosure of an immense quantity of land once subject to common rights under local Inclosure Acts passed for the purpose) has latterly fallen into the background. Indeed, the inclosure of commons under the Inclosure Acts has practically ceased, except with regard to small parcels of land under exceptional circumstances. The second object has been attained by enabling local authorities to aid private persons in maintaining rights of common and to acquire rights of common themselves. Where they have acquired such rights they are, as has been explained, in a position, by asserting those rights, to prevent the inclosure of the common, and thus to protect the public interests.

There are two distinct methods by which, under the Acts, provision can be made for the management and control of a common that remains uninclosed. The simpler, and that to

SHOOTING.

THE KEEPER ON THE MOOR.

THIS is the time when, after the amateur sportsman has come down from shooting the grouse, and finally left the moor for the year, the professional sportsman, the gamekeeper, has some use for his gun. The present season, in many respects a remarkable one, has been noteworthy perhaps especially in this, that a great many more grouse were on most of the moors late in the season than anybody had expected to find there. There were, in fact, far too many left on some moors for the good of the stock, chiefly because moors had been shot sparingly for fear of killing too many birds in a year which was supposed to be, at best, an indifferent one. Unusually late shoots, outside the original programme, were therefore organised in many parts, to correct the superabundance

of stock; but we may fairly suppose that the very latest of these is well over now, and that the moor is left to the keeper and his assistants, both human and canine. It is not easy to know in what particular detail of a life which appears a very healthy and delightful one a keeper feels the greatest satisfaction. Perhaps the rearing and general care of birds may be made much more interesting than the mere shooting, though the latter is the object to which the former processes are subsidiary; but to the amateur shooter himself, unless he be so spoiled in his sporting instincts as to care for nothing in the way of shooting except the continuous discharge of his gun and the immense reckoning of the slain, it is almost sure to seem that the good time of the keeper is now just beginning. One of his chief works will be to go out with a good dog, which can be trusted, a dog which will hunt up game without running riot, and will also retrieve it when slain, and make a thorough search along the burn beds and the gullies, and so on, especially those behind the firing line of butts at the different drives. It is in these places that sundry pricked and wounded birds are likely to have taken refuge after the big shoots. Here the cripples will be found. It may seem in the nature of a cruel kindness that the keeper is doing, going along with his dog and gun putting up these poor wounded things which would so much rather be left to lie quiet, and finishing them off with a gun which is pretty deadly at such business. The keeper, as a rule, is not at all a good shot at anything like a driven bird—it is not likely that he would be, seeing that he has no practice at that kind of shot; but at the rising bird, at just such shots as these pricked grouse are likely to give him, he is generally very sure. A certain number of the wounded birds which he thus kills would, very probably, recover; but even if they did recover they would either, in all likelihood, be barren (and a barren bird on the moor is really worse than no bird at all, because such birds are always a hindrance to the quiet domestic life of those which are more fortunate), or, if not barren, they would as likely as not be even less useful to the stock than the absolutely barren birds, because of the probability that any progeny born to them would be weak and sickly, likely to fall a prey to disease and to be the means of disseminating it throughout the stock. Thus the keeper, in finishing off the wounded weakly birds, is acting the part of a beneficent providence in sacrificing the interests of the individuals to those of the general community. In many cases also he will, of course, be doing an act of immediate mercy, by putting out of its pain a badly wounded bird which would otherwise have lingered on miserably and perhaps died of its wounds at last; for on a well-kept moor there will be none of the vermin, such as weasels, crows, foxes and so on, which act on unpreserved ground as similar agents of mercy in quickly killing off sickly grouse.

This is one of the most useful occupations of the keeper as soon as the big shoots of the year are over. There is another in which he may well occupy himself: the killing down of the old cocks which gather away up on the tops, and are not very often persuaded to come into the ordinary drives. These old grouse are very wary and difficult to approach, and, besides, are tough of feather and bone, and only the centre of a well-directed charge is enough to kill them. The necessity for killing them down is not obvious immediately, but it becomes so as soon as domestic life begins in spring. If there are too many of these old cocks they will hustle the unfortunate hens about in a very rough style of wooing, which is altogether opposed to the best interests of the family. Quite a short experience of the stalking of these veterans—they are often to be seen on the bare tops long before you come within range of them—is enough for most amateur sportsmen, even of the keenest. It requires that the gun be very young, or else that he have the patience and the endurance of the keeper, to go at these old birds, as they should be gone at, day after day. A good chance of killing down cocks is given where the hens come in to feed on the stooks; it seems to be a general rule, possibly associated with the different times of moulting of the two sexes of the grouse, that the stooking birds are hens. The cocks, therefore, predominate on the moor at such times, and a bag made on the moor when there are many birds in the cornfields is apt to show a great preponderance of the males. Probably by the time the amateur shooter has finally left the moor in the professional's hands the stooks will be all gathered in, but it is generally the hunter's moon rather than the harvest moon that sees the harvest home in the neighbourhood of many Scottish moors, and in some seasons the date is very much longer delayed. A keeper who is skilful in what is considered the rather poaching device of "becking," or calling, the cocks may have considerable success on frosty mornings, but it is a plan which is not employed nearly as much as it used to be, and has fallen into, perhaps, heavier discredit than it deserves.

NESTING AND MIGRATING OF SNIPE AND WOODCOCK.

ALL the reports which we receive point to a continued and progressive change in the habits of snipe and woodcock. We have already referred to the fact that last year, as a probable consequence of the very mild winter,

comparatively few of either kind found their way to their former favourite Western resorts, but that the majority remained on the East Coast, which they would naturally touch on their arrival from the Continent. This is said, of course, in reference to the winter immigrants. In Ireland some were disposed to think that the reason why so few woodcock were found in the coverts was that in consequence of the open weather they were not concentrated in the shelter of the coverts, but were scattered all about the open country. The fact, however, of their greatly increased number on the East Coast seemed to point to their remaining there as the more likely explanation of their absence from the coverts in Ireland, and while there is this change, probably only temporary, in their distribution in winter, it is certain that many more than formerly of both kinds are nesting in these islands. This is a fact that has been noted for many years now with regard to the woodcock; but in the case of the snipe, perhaps because it is a smaller and less-observed bird, it is only lately that it is beginning to be recognised that their nesting numbers also are much increased. It may be, as said above, that this apparently very recent increase is due only to the smallness of the bird and its better chance of escaping observation; but probably it is a fact that the increase of their nests has been really more recent than that of the woodcock. Another point of interest is that, in Scotland, according to the observation of some whose reports are worth relying on, the nesting snipe disappear only about a fortnight later than the nesting woodcock. It is, of course, a well-recognised fact in regard to both species that the great majority of the birds which nest with us go South before the winter, and that those which winter with us have rested further North. The woodcock nesting in Scotland appear to go South early in September, and the snipe something like a fortnight after that; but, in Ireland, we are informed that, while the nesting woodcock disappear about the same time as the Scottish birds, the snipe, on the other hand, do not go until nearly the end of October. If these accounts are correct, they indicate a very singular difference of habit. They are points on which it would be interesting to have further information, and we shall be very glad to receive it from any of our correspondents.

"RIFLEMEN FORM."

A little book, entitled "The Citizen Rifleman," has received a wonderful meed of praise from Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. We do not say that it is wonderful that Lord Roberts should praise the book so highly, but it certainly reflects wonderful credit on the author, Mr. Newitt, that he should have produced a book which merits such praise. Its purpose, so well fulfilled, is to give all necessary instruction as to the formation of rifle clubs, both those that have full ranges and also those which are restricted to the use of one or other of the forms of the miniature rifle. He condescends even to the air-gun in the gallery or room of a house, and to the ingenious "sub-target" machine of Messrs. Wilkinson. Lord Roberts, in his preface especially written for the book, says, *inter alia*, that "it is full of valuable information which cannot fail to be a great help to those who are striving to make rifle-shooting a national pursuit, and thus provide the youth of the country with opportunities for handling the rifle and making themselves skilful in its use. As a practical means of meeting the situation, recently created by the introduction of low-powder rifles for short ranges, Mr. Newitt's book cannot be too highly commended." This remarkable testimony shows at once the scope of the little book, and how well it covers the field. Certainly none who are forming rifle clubs, full range or miniature, can fail to benefit by its counsels; and those who are thus employed will be sure to consult it; but it may be mentioned also that a miniature rifle range would have the double advantage at a country house party of combining amusement with education in the art which many think indispensable in a citizen, and at the country house party much more attraction is likely to be furnished by the moving target, the galloping deer, or the running man than by the ordinary fixed target with its unwinking bulseye. Full instructions are given for the making and setting up of such moving targets, and for reducing their size in just proportion to the reduction of distance so that they shall be the equivalent of the life-size objects at the probable range of fire in actual sport or warfare. Mr. Newitt is a member of the council of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, as well as of its executive committee, and it was at the suggestion of the council that this book was written. It includes the regulations of the council for all affiliated clubs, and a full account of competitions held under its auspices. It is published by Messrs. George Newnes, Limited.

WILDNESS OF GROUSE AND PARTRIDGES.

One of the curious facts of the shooting season, in a year which has in many ways been abnormal, is that from many different parts of England we hear the same account—that partridges have never before been known to be so wild. Of course, immense bags have been made, and the birds cannot have been impossibly wild to drive when Lord Ellesmere made his big bag, and in some places, such as the Thetford neighbourhood, which was visited most severely by the June thunder-storm, there were no partridges left. Local differences have never been more strongly in evidence. But, after all, the most general report of the partridges in the later shoots, say in November, has been, "Lots of birds, but we can't get at 'em." The case with the grouse has been very similar. Generally speaking, there were many more birds on the moors than had been expected after the pessimistic forecasts early in the year. A great many second-brood birds came on late, and were not put up by the beaters at all on the first time of driving, the consequence being that preparations had not been made for shooting nearly so big a bag as might have been killed the first time over—many had thought it would be a year in which moors should be shot very lightly; this was the opinion of even so good a judge as The Mackintosh, with regard to Moy—and then the second-brood birds came in to bring up a good stock after all the heavy shooting on the programme was supposed to be over.

These are not only interesting points to note, but have also a practical significance. They imply that in the case of both grouse and partridges a very large stock has been left, and will still be left at the end of the season. With regard to the grouse it is a stock which is likely to be rather larger than it should be, and quite large enough even of the partridges. The grouse it is impossible to shoot down really as they should be shot for the general good of the stock. Of the partridges, the curious case at the end of the season is likely to be that an almost excessively large stock will be left on

some properties, while on others there will be far too few for bringing up the numbers to anything like a proper standard next year, even if all circumstances combine in their favour.

SHOOTING IN THE BLACK FOREST.

A correspondent sends us the following dialogue, taken down at the moment, and therefore, he tells us, to be relied upon in all its particulars, between himself and the landlord of his hotel in the Black Forest. The said landlord was himself a sportsman, and knew what he was saying. His information may possibly be of use to any of our readers who are thinking of visiting that region.

"But what about a gun licence?" I asked.

"Oh, we don't have them," said my landlord. "If you pay for your shooting card, it naturally includes permission to shoot. If you paid for a fishing card you would not expect to pay a rod licence."

"What are these cards you talk of?" I asked, "and how are they obtained?"

"Very easily," said the landlord. "In every village of a certain size there is the Oberförster, a Government official and forestry expert, who is responsible for the wood and for the game in the forest. He issues the cards, or tickets, giving one the right to shoot or fish."

"I suppose these cards are very expensive?"

"Well, I don't know what English people call expensive, they are twenty marks (one pound) for a year, and for visitors five marks a week, or ten marks a month."

"But surely this is for only one district?"

"No, indeed, if you pay for a card in Württemberg, you may shoot all over the Württemberg Black Forest, but of course it does not hold good in Baden."

"And what is there to shoot?"

"Here, near Baiersbronn, are chiefly deer, but a very little further off are stags, hares, foxes and birds, but, of course, our most important game is the auerhahn."

These birds look like a bigger and wilder edition of our turkey.

"And what time of year," I asked, "are these birds shot?"

"The open time for them is after the middle of May until the beginning of April," said the landlord; "the birds are always shot at dawn, so it means an early start for the sportsman. The close times are different for different game, but from October 15th to December 1st everything may be shot in the woods."

"And do the same rules hold good in Baden?" I asked.

"No, unfortunately not; they have a shorter close time there for some game, and near the border it is annoying to hear their guns popping away at birds we are not allowed to touch."

"I know you often take your visitors shooting. Have you ever had any English?"

"Yes, on one occasion, a young Englishman and enthusiastic sportsman, stayed three months with us, as he said he couldn't afford to take a shooting in England. I shall never forget his disgust with me for shooting a fox!"

ON THE GREEN.

THE LOOKER-ON.

THE big professional foursome has finished, not otherwise than as its first-played half had indicated that it was likely to finish, in a victory for the older men by a large balance of holes. The result was also in accord with the anticipation which I had made bold to publish before the contest was entered upon, for it had even then seemed to me likely that the younger pair, screwing themselves well up to their work, would hold the more experienced for a while, but in the long run would be worn down by the greater steadiness of the veterans, and also by the psychological fact that the strain must be far heavier on the less hardened pair. On the whole the younger men "put up" a good fight, and certainly Mayo has enhanced his reputation by the way he played. We are not likely to hear so much in the future of his inability to drive. Taking the account of the play at Timperley in conjunction with what I actually saw at Walton Heath, I am inclined to think that he must have played the steadiest golf of the four, right through the match—perhaps excepting the first seven holes of the first round, where he was palpably nervous in the putting. The man one has to be sorry for, over the match, is Duncan. The accounts say that he was not at his best at Timperley, his home green, where he would naturally desire to do particularly well, where so much might be expected of him, and where the consciousness of all this might make it so much the more difficult for him to show true form. Certainly he was not quite as good as he is able to be at Walton Heath, and it is quite a misfortune for a golfer, especially for one whose profession is golf, when he fails to do himself justice in one of the great events of his life. In case of a man like Duncan, at the beginning of a career, it is still more unfortunate. "One never knows" at golf, but I cannot help thinking that if Mayo had not failed over the very simple putt, to lay Duncan dead, at the first hole of the match—instead of which, putting nervously and very weak, he left a dead stymie—it might have made just the difference. Mayo has a great reputation as a putter. Starting with that as one of the best assets on his side, it might well come as rather a shock to Duncan—a man's nerves are pretty much on the stretch at such a moment as that—to find himself given a stymie, by his partner reputed, and justly, so fine a putter, when the putt to lay the ball dead was such a simple one. A little shock like that to nerves strung up above concert pitch is quite enough, *experto crede*, to take a trifle of the edge off a man's confidence and to make him play a game, good, but not quite first-rate, such as Duncan did play, instead of the very first-rate game which he is so capable of playing. It is in looking out for the secret causes, such as these, of the incidents of a match, that very much of the keenest interest of watching golf consists. It is most interesting to try to realise the "hinges," so to speak, of a match—why it begins to turn in favour of the

one side at one point and of the other at another point; and to observe the temperament of different players, how one cannot play if he is a hole or two down, how another can struggle well when it is a neck-and-neck race, but fails to keep up his game and keep the other man down when he gets a hole or two ahead. All such points are the really interesting ones of the match, if a man have the intelligence to appreciate them. The point is not "here A. missed a putt," and "there B. pulled a drive," but the ultimate effect which these erratic doings had on the match.

As for the actual play, and the advantage that one may gain, the lessons one may learn, from watching different players, of those four engaged in this match there is one who gives me pleasure and, I believe also, profit, to watch, above the rest. It is Vardon. Vardon had his turn, as it seems, at Timperley. Braid was the best man at Walton Heath, but Vardon, they say, was playing like a beautiful machine at Timperley. And when things are thus going smoothly with him (and they go thus very often) the sight is good. It is all such a beautifully harmonious bit of work: that is the merit of it. I do not think that Vardon's is at all a good style for a learner to try to imitate. He lifts his body up, away from the ball, as he raises the club—Mr. Charles Hutchings has much the same style—and I think that this lift must make it a little more difficult to bring the club down



THE PROFESSIONAL MATCH AT TIMPERLEY; VARDON DRIVING

again with perfect accuracy. But, on the other hand, watch ing Vardon play and seeing the absolute perfection of his timing, the harmony of the action which puts every possible part of the body into the work to bring the utmost power to bear on the ball exactly at the right moment—this is to receive a lesson, if it can be assimilated, which is worth going some distance for. I do not think the painful acquirement of the

"interlocking grip," as it is called, is to be recommended to anyone except a man against whom you are expecting to play for considerable sums of money. Many miserable people are suffering untold agonies in the effort to acquire it. But that excellent gift of harmony which is so remarkably shown in the style of the chief professor of the "interlocking grip" may be imitated with advantage by anybody, and imported in less or larger measure into his own swing. When watching Vardon you cannot say that any one limb or muscle is unduly pressed into the service at any single moment of any stroke in the game. And this is one ideal after which all should strive, though few will attain it. But there is a point to which many more than do so at present might attain, and that is an intelligent conception of the points of interest of the match which they are watching. There are not many matches in which you are not able to put your finger on the weak spot and say to the loser, "it was there that you lost the match." The loser may not thank you for the information, which is not likely to be great news to him. It will be a more popular course to indicate to the winner the turning point in his favour.

AN OLD MAN'S GAME.

THE play of the old men at Westward Ho! is, perhaps, not so remarkable as the fact that they should be able to play at all. It does not seem quite clear whether an octogenarian foursome has been played before, but some of those foursomes which we used to see at St. Andrews, in which Mr. Whyte Melville and Mr. Walker took part, must have run the united years of this Westward Ho! foursome very close. By far the most interesting figure of the four, from the golfing point of view (not from the play, in which Captain Gordon is said to have excelled, but from the debt which golfers owe to him), is Captain Molesworth. In all probability there are many thousands of golfers playing to-day, and every day, who never would have played but for Captain Molesworth, whose very name it is quite likely that they never heard. Captain Molesworth was the most influential person in starting the North Devon Golf Club, and when it was started he gave an impetus to golf in England, by getting up matches between the West of England and Haylake golfers, and by travelling up to Scotland and playing there, in partnership with Johnny Allan, against other pairs made up in the like way of a professional and an amateur. Captain Molesworth was never a strong player in a single, for he could not hit a ball with any carry on it; but for his strength he was the best partner that a first-class player could have. He was a very fine short game player as long as he had not to pitch the ball dead, a game fighter up to the last stroke, and entirely unaffected by any little trifle of £50 or so depending on a 6ft. putt. Some silly people have been talking about modern betting at golf. So far as I know—and I know most of the places where British golf is played—there is virtually no betting now. But there used to be. Not that anyone ever did themselves any harm by it so far as my information goes. Luckily golf is a good enough game to be played keenly without money on it. Captain Molesworth had three sons, all fine golfers—Reginald, George and Arthur—of whom only the last, the best player of the three, is alive still, and I do not think that he ever played golf now. The three Allans, too, with whom Captain Molesworth has played so many of these interesting foursomes in the past, are all gone. But he is going and golfing still. I expect that of the four only Captain Gordon and Dr. Reid, the Scots, who won the match, played the game as boys; indeed, I know that neither of the Englishmen (Mr. R. B. James is the one not already named) played till well on in life. But all four players are so hearty that, as they have played this foursome as octogenarians, there seems not the least reason why they should not play it as nonagenarians, when the Englishmen, it is to be hoped, may win; and then they will have the deciding match to play as centenarians. Possibly they may go further still.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

A SUMMER DIRGE.

THE breath of the moist earth is light, but it hangs like a clinging perfume all over the russet autumn yellow of the links. Wherever the golfer tees his ball he has the feeling that he cannot escape from this moist breath, for, whether at the tee in the valley or in the bunker on the brow of the hill, there is the all-pervading perfume to remind him that some occult change has happened in Nature's alchemy. The summer loveliness with which Nature endowed the links and their leafy and heathery surroundings with a rich and prodigal bounty of verdure has, in these moist autumn days, undergone a change. The bright green carpet of turf that wound its way like a broad ribbon over knoll and hollow in the bright warm sun of the early spring and summer has now become darkened with rain and dew and autumnal decay. The bright green mantle spread out for the elastic tread of a long procession of golfers is beginning to merge its colour among the yellows and the browns of the

adjoining heath. The heather was blooming in those summer days, the sun shone bright, clear and warm, and the song of the thrush was not heard echoing a note of sadness from among the neighbouring leafless boughs.

Summer has come and gone, and with it, like a river to the sea, have been carried all the pent-up memories of hours crowded with life and joyful health on the links. "The spell is broke, the charm is flown," and now when rain and fog depress the



DUNCAN ON THE EIGHTEENTH TEE.

spirits and clog the flight of the ball there are many to-day who would, if they could, recall the grievous petulance with which they hailed the reappearance day after day of a tropical sun and the physical discomfort of trudging in scant attire and unlimbered muscles in the furnace atmosphere of the links. The golfer's harp-strings ring with groans and not with music now; and he would recall if he could just a tone of the blithe gladness and the bounteous warmth of which he recked but little a few months ago. The immemorial music of the sea still haunts the retentive memory of the ear, and with the receding note of the music there comes the remembrance of the gratefully soothing pipe at the open window of the clubroom, the light and breezy talk, the lounge between two sunny rounds, the loitering at the crowded tees, the jocund throng of players, and, finally, the tumbler of modest liquor which gives point to the assurance of Juvenal—*nulla aconita bibuntur fictilibus*. All of us realise in comparing those not yet remote days with the present that in the complex scheme of eternal things no joy comes unmixed even to the golfer. Every little pleasure is tinged with its special note of anxiety; and just as in the heyday of summer it was too hot to golf, so now the complaint is being uttered that it is too wet, too foggy, too soon dark to do more than snatch a hurried Saturday morning round by way of oblivion to office cares and the hurly-burly of distracting commerce.

Yet the mellow autumn on the links has its distinctive charm. The ground may be softer to the foot-tread, but the air has a frosty bite about it in the early morning which keys up the whole physical frame to a higher note of activity. The balls lie deeper in the grass than they were accustomed to do on the baked summer turf, and it is not quite so easy to overtake the long hole in two long carries and runs. But the nip in the stimulating air carries with it an accession of vigour, and there is consequently neither looseness nor indecision in the play. And if the summer green has yielded place to the russet jacket of autumn the change brings alleviations and compensations all its own. The corn may be gathered and the sportsman's gun may be heard crackling among the leafless coppices on the outskirts of the links; but the approach of drear winter is not yet. Death's pale hand has not yet quenched the outward symbols of Nature's beauty. The surrounding heather, amid which the putting greens have been cut, has a varied tint of deepening purple. The trees have gathered up the remnants of their fading beauty in one gorgeous intermingling blaze of orange and brown. The dew and the gathering gloaming are falling upon the landscape as the foursome plays with difficulty the few remaining holes of the round. The cloudy wind has crept into its cave at the oncoming of the evening shadows, the stars are coming forth in their glittering array, and the broad horn of the pallid moon is brightening above the tree tops. There is yet time for the golfer to look around and drink in, as if with one copious draught, the whole outlying poetry

of the autumnal evening; and as he puts the putter with which he has holed out in the bag he hies away to the congenial warmth of a sea-coal fire and the social pleasures of a jocund evening.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SANDWICH GOLF LINKS.

SIR,—Your correspondent "S. G. C.," in criticising my figures with regard to the entry for the open championship, says that "it does seem unnecessary to deal with figures which have not occurred in the meeting—100 couples." But I must remind him that in regard to championship courses we have to look to the future. In taking 100 couples as a basis of calculation, I was taking into consideration the constant increase of golfers; and if we compare the numbers that started in the open championship the last time it was played at Sandwich with the number of entries at the previous open championship on that green, we find that if a like increase again appears at the very next meeting we shall have the numbers up to almost exactly the figure I took, namely, 100 couples. I have not the actual figures by me, but am confident that this is approximately correct, although whether it would make the number a little below or a little above the level hundred I am not quite sure. And if it should be thus, or even nearly thus, at the next meeting, how about the meeting after that, should golfers continue to multiply? But this is an appalling prospect! At the moment, the question of some reconstruction or stretching of the Sandwich course is very much in the air, and I should like to take this opportunity to give my own idea as to the best method of doing this. It is entirely on my responsibility—I have not as yet had the opinion on it of a single member of the club. The first hole might be lengthened (I think this has been proposed by Dr. Purves) by putting back the tee a long way, the fifth might be lengthened by putting the green a little further on, on the right, round the corner of the hills—this, too, I believe, is an idea of Dr. Purves. The ninth hole could be played to the present sixteenth hole green, which would naturally lengthen the tenth. From the tenth I suggest playing right away to the present twelfth green, as the new eleventh hole; this would obviate the trouble about putting the tee behind the tenth green, which caused much delay at the championship, and would preserve all the fine features of the present twelfth hole, which so many people rightly appreciate. To make up for the loss of the eleventh, I would suggest playing the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth—all fine holes—as laid down for the trial holes. This would have the advantage of keeping the present second and third: the alteration of the lengthened ninth has received, I am told, general approval on trial, and the only novelty I can claim for my suggestion is the elision of the eleventh, which is not, by common consent, quite up to the Sandwich standard of holes, except from the very inconvenient back tee. By keeping such holes as the third at the shortest tees it seems as if much of the delay might be avoided. Another correspondent has written to me pointing out that he thinks there must be some mistake—slip of printer, or clerical error—in the calculation of the first half distances prepared by the late Mr. Ralph Clutton, and published in *COUNTRY LIFE* of November 24th, and that the distances must be longer than those shown. He also demurs to the description of the "medal course," by that designation, and to the statement that the outgoing half at its longest has not infrequently been done in 32. I believe that at its longest (I am exceedingly ready to take his word



THE FINISH OF MAYO'S SWING.

for it) that half has not been done in 32 in a score competition. I wrote rather with memories of what was being done in matches at the time when the amateur championship was last played at Sandwich.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SMALL HOLDINGS AT WINTERSLOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of October 6th there appears a short notice of Major Poore's Land Scheme at Winterslow. As the principle on which it is based is one that is not generally understood, and the success of the scheme is often attributed more or less to accident, it would be as well to explain as shortly as possible what is really a most wonderful revival of an ancient system, traces of which are found all over the world, in China, India, Russia, Mexico and in the Saxon Frankpledge and Tything organisation. This principle Major Poore applied to his entire County Council District as follows: The householders of each village were grouped in tens (Frankpledge), and each of these groups, or Frankpledges, in committee chose a representative from among their number, and these representatives meeting together formed the village committee (corresponding to the old Tything), whom Major Poore, their representative on the County Council, used to consult on local matters, with which, of course, they were thoroughly conversant. Among the villages thus organised was Winterslow. Major Poore, finding that some of the inhabitants were anxious to take up land, bought at a public auction Cowper's Farm (112 acres) for, roughly, £1,200. The village committee then valued this land in detail, and the total sum of their valuation reached £1,800. Then applications for the land were invited, and about forty people took lots varying in size from $\frac{1}{4}$ acre to 16 acres. There is no need to say here how the payments were arranged, as the system is well explained in "The Agricultural Handbook and Diary for 1906" in an article entitled "The Village Community of Winterslow." Major Poore then formed a Landholders' Court, composed of deputies from the lesser groups of landholders on the system of representation already described. Not considering any land scheme safe without a sum of money in reserve, Major Poore made a reserve fund of the extra £600 obtained as shown above. This reserve fund could be used only as a security on which to borrow money for a remunerative common benefit, and that only with the consent of all the landholders. For instance, John Smith wishes to borrow £50 to build himself a house; he discusses it with the other nine members of his own (Frankpledge) group, and if they disapprove of his scheme the matter drops; but if they, knowing the man and his circumstances so well, approve, their deputy brings the proposal to the Landholders' Court, where it is thoroughly discussed. Next, each of the other members of the Landholders' Court lays the matter before his own Frankpledge group, and brings their decision back to the court, and then the matter is finally settled. Thus every single landholder has been consulted, and must have given his consent before a penny can be borrowed on the public fund. How successful this scheme has been may be seen from the following figures quoted from "The Agricultural Diary" aforesaid: Forty-two working men have built thirty-five cottages in twelve years, laid out over £8,000, and established a reserve fund of £1,000, and last, but not least, the census of the village shows an increase of twenty



BRAID PLAYING AN APPROACH SHOT.

over the former census, though other villages of the union show a decrease. It must be borne in mind that all this has been accomplished without any pecuniary help whatever from outside, and without friction or dispute. *The land cannot become a permanent occupation unless the occupiers are organised to keep it.* This experiment is not, like so many land schemes of the present day, the fad of one particular man, but is the result of years of thought and observation by one who is a thinker of a depth of intellect such as is rarely found in these days of rush and hurry. It differs from very many of the land schemes cherished by the faddists of the present day mainly in this: Instead of requiring large sums of money to carry it out, it is—in the long run—entirely self-supporting; that is to say, instead of the people being helped, pauperised and weakened in character, they are put in a position to help themselves. Of course, this first experiment was guided by the master mind who thought it out; but there is no reason why land should not be bought and organised on these lines whenever it is for sale at a reasonable price and wherever there is a demand for small holdings. Thus men would be made really to love and to take pride in their land, and their self-respect would be raised, for each man not only looks after and decides about his own affairs, but also has a real voice in the management of his own affairs.—M.

A WATER-PROOFING RECIPE WANTED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you kindly inform me as to the best method of rendering shooting knickerbockers waterproof?—J. D. W.

HOUNDS HANGING IN COVERT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see your correspondent, "Rowden Bridge," like myself, delights to see hounds hunt, and I entirely agree with him that it is useless to hang back for hounds left in covert; yet this is done frequently. A very great sportsman of the last century, the late Duke of Beaufort, never would allow a whipper-in to be sent back for hounds. He made his huntsman (often reluctantly enough) jog on, trotting his horse from time to time. Hounds do not like to be left, but, if they know they will not be abandoned, they love to loiter about a covert. How often on a short November day do we see precious moments wasted while the huntsman blows his horn and the whippers-in shout themselves hoarse for a hound left in covert, which would, if they had jogged on, have rejoined the pack in the course of two or three fields. When I hunted hounds in India I never waited for the loiterers, and never even in the wildest country lost a hound. I generally had them all before I had gone a mile, and at the worst they turned up at the kennel. Like your correspondent, I do not quite know how they find their way back to the pack. They do not always put their noses down, but seem to make a straight line, and cut off the pack at the nearest point. I think, however, that this is connected with their knowledge of the country, as hounds are exercised for months beforehand, and then hunted over the same ground, more or less, week after week. I think that they draw an inference, which is surely not beyond the reach of the dogs' mind, that as the last covert drawn was A, the next will be B as usual, or that the huntsman will take the usual way home. I think that this is so because, although hounds find their way back in a wonderful way, they do make mistakes and lose themselves or return late sometimes.—X.

STRANGE DEATH OF A SWAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a constant reader of COUNTRY LIFE I thought some of your readers might be interested in the following account of a curious death of a swan. I was pike-fishing last Thursday in the Marquess of Northampton's ponds at Castle Ashby, and noticed that the swans—of which there are several pairs—seemed unusually excited and jealous. Every now and then they would leave the water and fly for long distances and much higher than they generally do; and it was during one of these flights that the tragedy I refer to occurred. Just as a pair were nearly opposite to where I was fishing, a sudden squall came on and blew one of the swans with great force into the upper branches of a big elm tree. The poor bird dropped like a stone into the water and in quite a natural position, gave one or two spasmodic movements with its wings, and tried to raise the once-graceful neck. Alas! I fear it was broken, as it gradually drooped and almost disappeared beneath the water. With the aid of my rod I managed to get it to the bank, but it was quite dead. Its mate—which had alighted quite near—was in great distress; it apparently realised a disaster had happened, and uttered piteous cries—almost like the mewling of a cat. I endeavoured to drive it away, but it always came back, and when I left in the twilight it was still keeping guard over the body of its late beautiful partner.—R. PERCY BRICE.

HEDGE-SPARROWS AND SHRIMPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Standing out on the point of Filey Brig one day last week at low tide, I was surprised to see a quantity of the common hedge-sparrow hopping about among the beds of seaweed and on the rocks. Being somewhat curious as to what they were doing so far from their usual haunts, I watched them carefully, and found that they were feeding either on the seaweed or on something among it. More careful examination revealed that what they were seeking and feeding on was a small species of shrimp among the beds of seaweed, and which they were evidently very greedy after. Is not this rather an unusual kind of food for the hedge-sparrow?—A. H. ROBINSON.

THE DEATH WATCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have taken COUNTRY LIFE since its first number, and have spent many happy hours with it, and have anxiously looked for a few lines on the subject that I am writing of, viz., the Ticking Spider, or what is generally called the Death Watch. I am sure it would be very interesting to most of your readers if an explanation were given as to what insect it is and how the

ticking noise is made. Many people have an idea that if heard in the house it is a warning that someone dear is going to be taken away from them, and I have known cases where a person has made herself ill through it.—J. H. BULL.

[The Death Watch is a small beetle about one-third of an inch in length, one of two or three species of the genus *Anobium*, the habits of which are much alike. They bore into the wood—usually old, seasoned wood—and make the noise by rapping the back of the head and thorax against the wood. It is supposed to be a call—presumably of the male to the female or *vice versa*. The number of the ticks varies, but is generally about seven or eight at a time. It has, of course, no sort of significance such as superstition ascribes to it. Probably, however, it is peculiarly likely to be audible in the silence of a death-chamber.—ED.]

OLD WINE BILLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In approving Lord Rosebery's idea for a search for the social club records of a bygone era, you say you can fancy what interest would be felt even in the wine bills. I quite agree, especially since picking up a recently published history of the wine trade in England. When we find the consumption of claret alone in the house of Henry Bowlt, Archbishop of York, amounting to eighty tuns yearly; and when we find the growth of the Navy ascribed in great part to a desire to protect the supplies imported from Bordeaux, supplies for the obtaining of which several kings of England did not scruple to offend their subjects in order to stand well with the Bordeaux merchants, those old club wine bills become more and more suggestive of delightful peeps into the social life of former generations. Cannot Lord Rosebery direct or superintend the suggested search?—L. S.

PARISH PLACE NAMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your contributor, Mr. W. A. Dutt, in addition to writing a light article on this subject, evidently intends to guide others as to place names, so a mistake which may mislead should not remain uncorrected; he writes of strips of arable land being called "oxgangs in the North of England"; in Lincolnshire, and, I believe, in most parts of the North, oxgang was the same as bovat, the eighth part of a carucate, varying from 12 to 16 acres according to soil. The strip of arable land to which he refers was a selion in early days, a land in later. The similar strip of grass was a swarth, later a lea or ley; unless balk meant something unusual in Cambridgeshire, it was not the ploughed strip, but the unploughed ridge of grass between those strips.—ALFRED C. E. WELBY

[We have forwarded the above letter to the writer of the article, who replies as follows: "According to Mr. Prothero's 'Pioneers and Progress of English Farming,' the strips of arable land variously called rigs, oxgangs, etc., each consisted of about an acre, coinciding with the arrangement of a ploughed field in ridges and furrows. Occasionally they contained but half an acre. The original meaning of balk was undoubtedly a strip of turf or unploughed land between two strips; but in Cambridgeshire, Norfolk and elsewhere the narrow strips of land surviving from the old system of division are now called balks, while sometimes, as in the case of the mayor's (mere) balk mentioned in our article, the name is now applied to a field, no matter what its size may be."—ED.]

CREEPERS ON OLD BUILDINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think you would do myself and a great many other readers of COUNTRY LIFE a considerable service if you would deal at some length with the vexed question of creepers on buildings. One, of course, has a good deal of sympathy with what may be called the ivy-mullioned-tower type of sentiment. A ruin, green with creepers, and musical with the hooting of owls, has permeated the mind of the nation. Nevertheless, my own opinion is that where the buildings are fine, creepers serve no purpose whatever. They cannot do anything but hasten decay. Their proper use and employment is to cover what is unsightly. Still, I write without any particular knowledge and without having given special study to the question, so that my mind is quite open. The time of year has come, however, when decided steps ought to be taken in dealing with the summer's growth, and I can only repeat that many people would receive with gratitude some practical suggestions and directions with regard to the treatment of creepers and the preservation of creeper-clad dwellings.—H. A. M.

ENGLISH BUTTER.

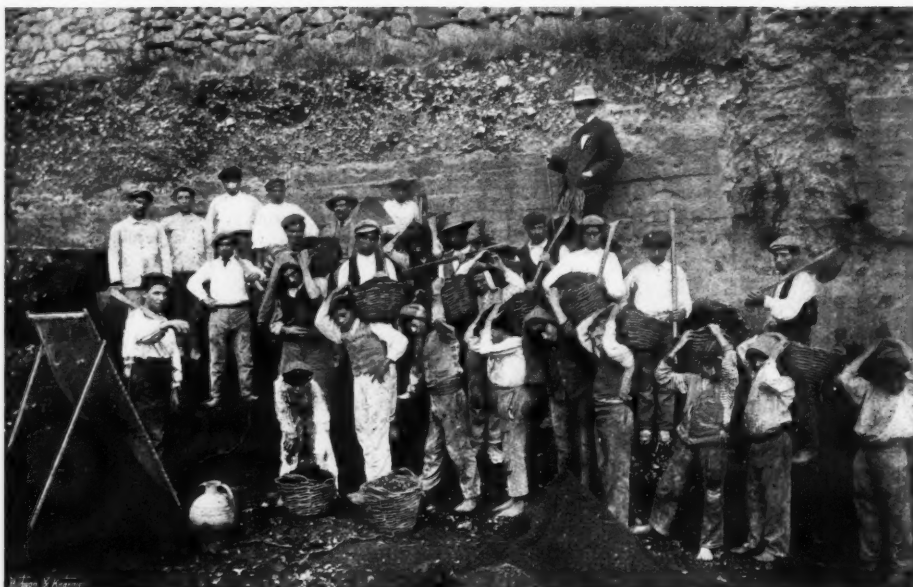
[TO THE EDITOR OF COUNTRY LIFE.]

SIR,—Your extremely interesting article on "Butter Analysis" should be read by every medical man in the country. Seeing that butter is one of the principal articles of diet, especially in young, growing children, it certainly behoves us to know both where it is obtained, and its method of manufacture. One hears *ad nauseam* of the evils pertaining to bacteria-infected milk, but until your article appeared one's attention had not specially been called to butter. Your analysis goes to prove that the home produce is more carefully prepared and richer in fats, thus stamping it at once as a better food both for nourishing and heat-producing purposes, and so should be specially ordered for cases of delicate children who require careful and efficient dieting. Another point to which much importance should be attached is the freedom from harmful bacteria which the home produce showed, and the presence in one specimen at least of bacteria commonly associated with impure water, giving at once a clue to the process of its manufacture. I cannot urge sufficiently the importance of ordering the best home produce in every medical case where good feeding is the main line of treatment, and this applies to other foods as well as butter. I know it will be said that the question of expense may arise, but, on the other hand, where there happens to be a delicate child in the family that child should certainly, for his best interests, have that butter which would best promote his health's welfare.—M. B.

WHERE THERE ARE NO WHEEL-BARROWS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

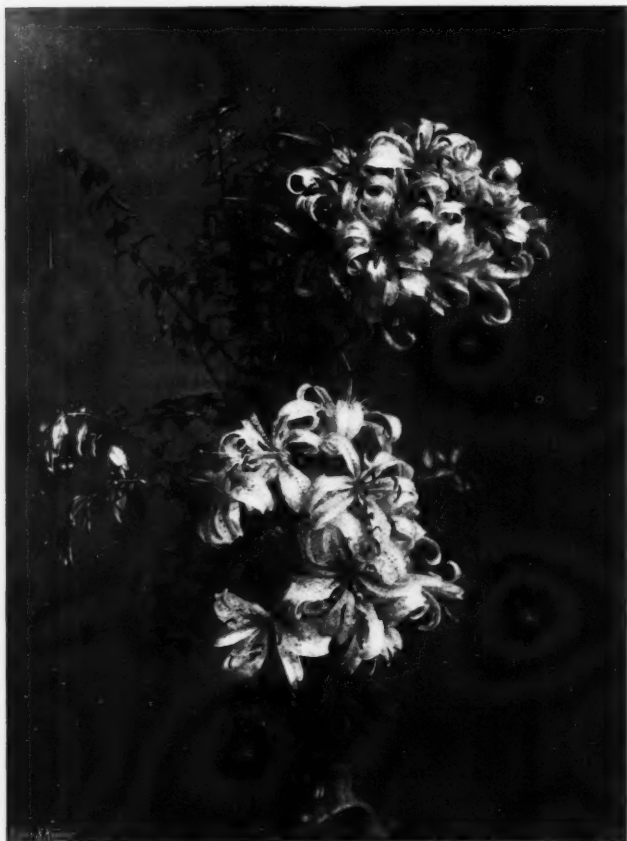
SIR,—I send you a photograph from a land where there are no wheel-barrows. It shows navvies removing the earth from a cistern built by the Romans, which had been destroyed 600 years ago to build the walls of the town, and which is now being laid out as a garden. The cistern was 38 metres long by 13 metres broad, and there are 3 metres between the bottom and the level on which the garden will be planted. In the photograph is seen the curve where the roof of pumice-stone started.—A. S.



AN EXAMPLE OF FASCIATION IN LILIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an auratum lily grown in my garden here in the open. It had a very sheltered corner under a rose tree. I was lucky, as the bulb was only a very cheap one, bought at a clearance sale and planted in March. It had sixty-two buds to begin with; several dropped off when they were quite small. I hoped to mature over forty, but an early frost destroyed the top buds in the middle of September; it had, I believe, thirty three when I cut it. I fastened it to a chair in the exact position in which it grew. We staked it apart so that the wind might not injure it. I have



so seldom seen a fasciated growth so beautiful, the curve was perfect. The bunch is on the stick just as I carried it up to be photographed, a stout branch of fuchsia behind to protect it. I was proud of my "bunch from a cottage garden." I have only a small strip of ground, but manage to grow many pretty things in it. I call it "The Garden of the Greedy Heart"; I feel so inclined to cry "More! more!"—but it is in reality quite as much as I can manage. I plant deep and set the bulb in sand; well-rotted leaf mould and cow dung with loam is what I use.—MARY DUNBAR, Surrey.

THE HORSE MUSHROOM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Being a regular reader, I shall be much obliged if you will kindly tell me if the enclosed is a good genuine eatable mushroom. I found it growing

with many others in the open in a meadow at West Wickham.—DIBBLOCK.

[The mushroom sent is a small specimen of the horse mushroom (*Agaricus arvensis*). It is quite edible, and preferred to the true mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*) by some persons. It is also largely used for making ketchup.—ED.]

A UNIQUE CHARACTER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a unique Sussex character, well known in the locality of Ashdown Forest as "Granny Smith." The strange habitation represented in the photograph was made by herself, and she pays a ground rent of threepence a week. It is of a beehive shape, and simply constructed of short poles covered over by a heterogeneous mass of sacking and woollen materials, well tarred to keep out the rain. History relates that kind friends, giving her a Witney blanket to keep her warm in the winter months, were disconcerted to find it also adorning the roof, and, like Noah's Ark, well pitched. The furniture is of the simplest. The fireplace, if such we may call it, is in the middle of the earth floor, some of its smoke finding exit through a hole in the roof. The bed defies description, but the foundation is an earth-work raised a few inches high above the level of the floor. Upturned boxes serve as tables, and Mother Earth is a handy chair. This mansion has its *dépendance*—a similar tent, in which Granny can house a lodger or guest, and sometimes as many as five or six of her children and grandchildren, regardless of cubic dimensions, stay with her at once. For years past she has cheerfully faced the cold of winter in her home-made shelter, gaining a modest subsistence by combining the trades of pedlar and carrier over the countryside. Many are the commissions that are given her by her cottage friends, as they see her well-known figure tramping along towards the distant town. In her younger days she used to make a yearly expedition to the hopfields of Kent, but advancing years and decreasing activity now render this impossible. Her solitude for the many months when she would otherwise be entirely alone is enlivened by the companionship of a tabby cat, which may be seen tied to the doorpost, like any watch-dog, while Granny is taking her walks abroad. When the day comes that she can no longer tramp forth regardless of sun or storm, there will be many to regret the absence of this old forest-dweller.—Z.

